HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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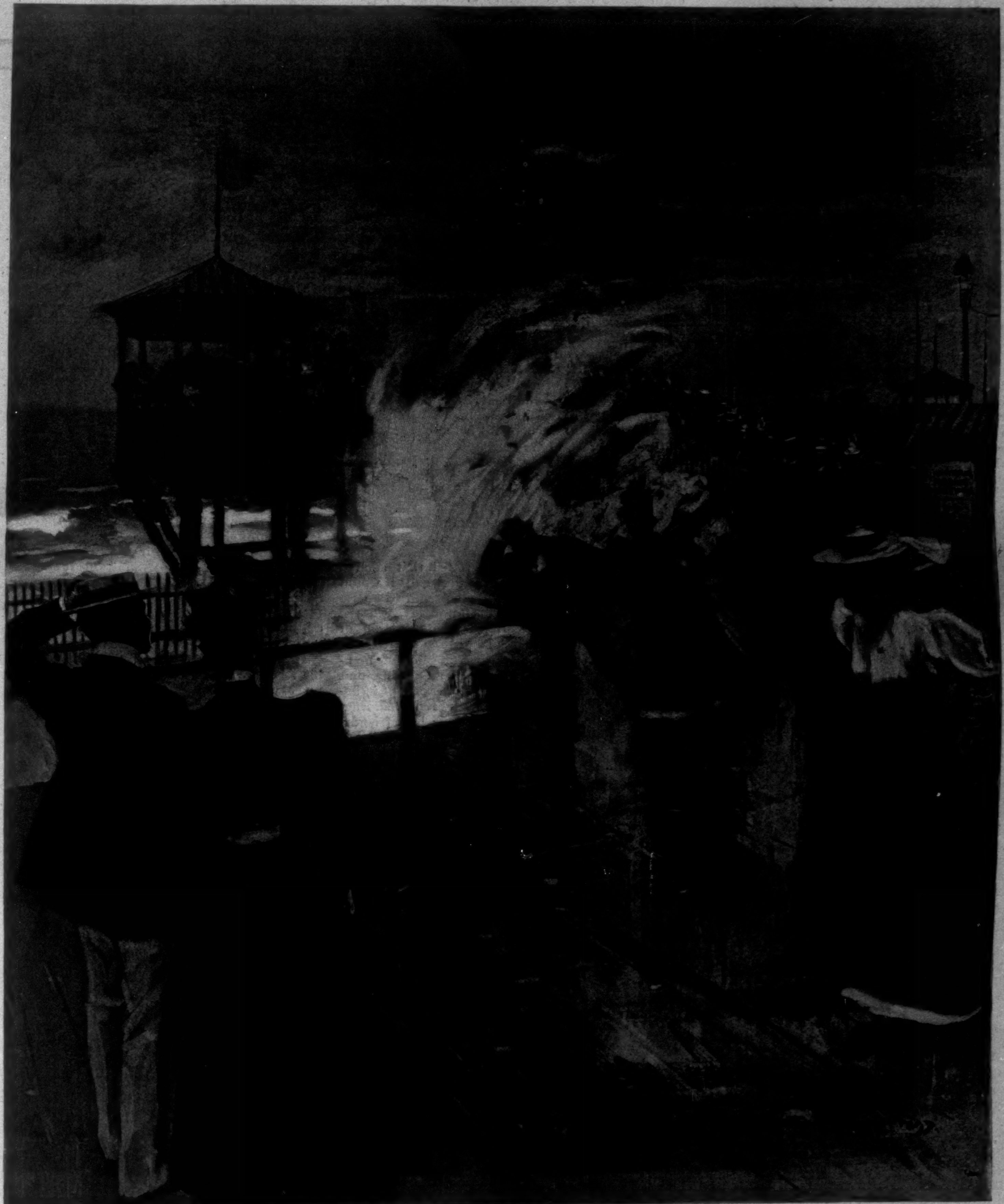

A SEPTEMBER NOR'EASTER ON THE COAST.

The Surf breaking over the Board Walk at Asbury Park, New Jersey.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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MANNERS AND MERITS.

THE *London Spectator* is fearful that the bad manners of the American politicians will some day lead to serious difficulties between the two countries. It believes that the American people are "at heart as sound" as the English people, who, it says, "admire and love" America; but it is convinced that the English people will not stand any more bullying from this country, based on the theory that "England is a big cowardly bully, who will bluff, but never fight." If this sort of thing is persisted in, it says—"if America does not keep a better watch upon her politicians, they may hurry her into a conflict with this country of which no man will be able to see the end. We are not the effete or worthless country that the American politicians pretend, and if we were once to enter upon a quarrel we believed to be just we should not withdraw from it lightly. God forbid that such a quarrel should ever come!" To this aspiration we respond with a heartfelt amen.

The article from which we have quoted was inspired by Mr. CLEVELAND'S Venezuela message and Mr. SHERMAN'S letter of instructions to Ambassador HAY on the Bering Sea difficulty. There have been exhibitions of bad manners on the part of our politicians in Congress and on the platform, which our kindly British critic and the British public are willing to overlook. They object only to official insolence, and so far as the manners of our politicians are insolent and overbearing, and are the disagreeable outcome of the unworthy presumption that England is a bully who must be made to take a dose of her own medicine if anything is to be gained from her, Englishmen are clearly within their rights in resenting and denouncing them. We have not taken a consuming interest in the question, also recently discussed by the *Spectator*, as to whether Americans hate Englishmen. We are quite sure that whatever dislike for Englishmen is expressed on this side of the water is due to the rasping faults of English insularity, which are exasperating, but which are not mended by discussion. It is true, however, that each of our two nations resents trifling offences on the part of the other which would hardly be noticed if they were committed by people speaking a foreign tongue. And this proneness to resentment is not inconsistent with a basic sentiment of respect, or even with strong mutual affection.

When we consider the gravamen of the offence which the *Spectator* charges, we find evidence of this tendency on the part of one country to fly into a passion over an insufficient occasion given by the other. We are threatened with war unless our politicians mend their manners, and we are told that such flagrant breaches of politeness as Mr. OLNEY and Mr. SHERMAN have been guilty of cannot be safely repeated. In the first case the British government was vigorously informed that we intended to insist on protecting the Venezuelans against British encroachment, and to that end, if Great Britain continued to refuse to arbitrate, the President intended to inform himself on the merits of the boundary controversy. There was doubtless a threat in the message that made it unpleasant reading to many Americans and to nearly all Englishmen. We confess, for ourselves, that we would have preferred the message without the threat. In the Bering Sea letter Mr. SHERMAN has charged certain facts which, if true, show that Great Britain has not carried out the findings of the Paris award in good faith. The language of the letter to Mr. HAY was harsh, and that there was occasion for harshness is to be regretted. There was, however, in each case strong provocation for the roughness employed. The gentlemen of the Foreign Office in Downing Street will doubtless admit that the impoliteness of which they now complain was preceded by many years of correspondence most polite and proper on the part of our Secretaries of State, the essential point of which correspondence was sedulously evaded and ignored by the representatives of the British government. They will probably recognize the justice of the statement, too, that until Mr. OLNEY'S rude message it was the intention of the British government to do as it would in Venezuela, and to protect its enterprising citizens in that country, whether they were right or wrong. They will also probably recognize the truth of the assertion that they have not intended to render more than a perfunctory obedience to that part of the award of the Paris tribunal which was intended to suppress pelagic sealing. But whether harshness in the few instances was justified or not, and therefore whether or not it could be properly called impoliteness, is not of the essence of the immediate controversy.

In the matter of the Bering Sea issue we will assume that Great Britain has been charged with bad faith, and that the charge has been made bluntly and in a manner to arouse deep resentment. Is the manner in which this accusation has been made a sufficient cause for the serious trouble—in a word, for the war—which the *Spectator* has intimated in case we do not mend the manners of our politicians? In the first place, as we have said, there are causes of offence coming from each side of the water that are not mended by discussion, and there are resentments which are the quicker because of the deep respect entertained by the aggrieved party for the other. In the second place, good manners are perhaps not the distinguishing trait of a democracy. The skill in phrasemaking which enables the diplomats of countries now or recently monarchies to charge a breach of faith in terms that are recognized as polite is not the virtue of our politicians. We confess that many of them have bad manners, and are afflicted with the sin of bluntness of speech, and we fear that it will be many years before popular government will be distinguished by a strict adherence to the graces of intercourse. But a nation that professes to "admire and love" us ought to be willing to take us as we are, and especially ought it not to threaten us with war on a question of manners. Really it should not make any difference to Great Britain whether it is charged with bad faith in the plain, blunt speech of democracy or with the suavity of aristocracy. The point is the charge of bad faith. And of that we believe Great Britain, acting in the interest and under the dictation of Canada, to have been guilty. We believe, too, that she has compelled the making of this charge in order to induce her to listen to us. That is certainly the impression of every member of Mr. McKINLEY'S and Mr. CLEVELAND'S administrations who has had anything whatever to do with the seal question. It is greatly to be regretted that such a question exists, but so long as it does exist it would better be raised and settled than permitted to remain a constant source of irritation between the two countries. Above all else, the attention of the two peoples should not be distracted from the merits of the controversy to a question of manners. Good manners are most admirable, but truth is of more value. If all the causes of irritation between the two countries were removed, Englishmen would find Americans their best friends; and even with these causes existing, England has the deep sympathy of the great majority of Americans in all her difficulties with those whom the people on both sides of the water regard as foreigners. But the cordiality of our international relations is not to be strengthened by discussing either the bad manners of American politicians or the insolence of English sporting journals and literary reviewers.

COTTON, GRAIN, AND PROSPERITY.

IT is not the growers of wheat and corn who are alone to benefit by the rising prices and extended foreign markets. Large as is the number of farmers raising grain for export, there is still another item of foreign demand that will continue the spread of better conditions throughout the United States. Since 1877 the largest export of wheat and wheat flour in any one year occurred in 1892, when 225,666,000 bushels were sent out of the country, and the value represented by the outward movement of all breadstuffs was in that year $299,363,117, the only instance where the value of this class of exports has exceeded the value of the exports of raw cotton.

On these two items our command over European markets depends, for they contribute nearly two-fifths of the total value of all exports, and it is on them that the ability to draw gold from abroad depends. The rise in the price of grain has attracted public notice, and has naturally led to much speculation upon a continuance of the foreign demand at comparatively high prices. That the export will continue until the new crops are gathered is reasonably certain, and then the full cotton movement will be in swing.

Thus the rising tide of the past summer will be held by the movement in the coming winter. The grain farmers are now having their day, and the cotton-growers are just beginning to realize their possibilities in the same line. The West and middle West have reaped their profits, and the effect has been sensible in every branch of industry. Now the South will come in for its share, and thus the activity of manufactures will have a basis to rest upon and to increase.

All this is due to a remarkable combination of conditions. Such an occurrence as a general famine seems to be beyond the reach of possibility, so many are the kinds of food, grown under all descriptions of circumstance and geographical position. Famine will be more or less local affairs, pressing with terrible force upon a district, or even a single country, but affecting only indirectly all outside of its immediate sphere. The year 1897 presents what is probably the nearest approach to famine the world will see, and in this respect favors all who have grain to sell. It so happens that the farmers of the United States alone are in this position, and they therefore control the supply and reap the benefit of the higher prices. How insignificant a reason appears a new tariff of duties on agricultural imports into the United States by the side of such a world-wide agency! The grain and cotton raisers of this country make its foreign commerce, and on their situation does its prosperity depend.

THE WILLIAMS COLLEGE POLICY.

NOT many days ago there appeared in the newspapers an article on what was called the new policy of the president and faculty of Williams College. The article attracted a good deal of attention and excited much interest. It announced that the college authorities have concluded that the present number of students, about four hundred, is too great, and have determined to lower it, if possible, to three hundred by raising the standard for admissions.

This proposal to reduce the number of students, however, is an inference from certain decisions that had been reached by the president and faculty, rather than their stated determination. The course to which students are admitted to the college without Greek has been thought by some to open an easy way to a degree, and the professors of French and German have determined to raise the requirements for entrance examination in the modern language offered in each case. The professors of Greek and Latin, on their part, have determined that, after this year, no applicant for admission shall be received on certificate unless he has studied Latin four years, and Greek three years. Besides this raising of the standard in languages, ancient and modern, the scholarship allowances are to be reduced.

If these decisions are carried out certain admirable results will doubtless be attained. In the first place, we might have at Williams College, without any real detriment to its scientific course, a great classical school. We do not intend to enter into the discussion of the issue so often raised between classical and scientific, or literary and practical education, because there is no such issue. There ought to be room for all, but just now there seems to be very little room for the study of the classics. The great universities, with their eclecticism, have sunk the classics, and with them, of course, the humanities, to a secondary place. This is not altogether well. Without questioning the policy which in one institution throws stress on the training which fits its men for gathering gold, and in another for making butter and cheese and for other practical business tasks, we hope that success will crown the effort, if it is to be made, to establish a centre of learning where students shall be bred in close communion with the literature of humanity, for if we are ever to have a great American literature it must come, as literature has always come, from the quiet places where minds are cultivated by contact with the minds of all the ages.

The decision of the faculty of Williams to increase the dignity of the classical course is a pleasing sign that sanity has not entirely disappeared from our seats of learning. As we have already intimated, we do not question the sanity of the departure from the old narrow system. But the old system was narrow because it was made universal. The new system lacks sanity when it degrades the classics. There is a great need for such a classical school as Williams can become, and if the college and its friends will occupy the inviting field which has been neglected or subordinated by the larger universities, it will do more for the cause of sound education in this country and for American literature than it can do in any other way.

Williams has wisely maintained its place as a college charged with the task of teaching American youth. It has not been touched by the frenzy for adopting the name of university, and for throwing upon its students the responsibilities of manhood by renouncing all control and direction of their conduct and their studies. There is a place for the university in this country, but there is a vastly more important place for the college; and although its number of students gives to Williams a real importance not possessed by some institutions that have assumed university nomenclature and customs, its authorities have wisely insisted on maintaining the college as a school wherein young men shall be guided as well as taught. And this wise conservatism makes the college all the better fitted for the task of influencing and forming the minds of young men by teaching them the beauties of language and literature, for the basis of such instruction must be the thorough study of the classics under the guidance of scholars imbued with the love of letters and devoted to the art of teaching.

It is to be hoped that Williams will take the unique and worthy place to which the recent decisions of her president and faculty point, and that some good friend of learning and letters will see to it that the college receives that endowment which is essential to the kindling of a light that is sorely needed in this practical age and country.

BRYANISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The expulsion of Mr. Harrity from the Democratic National Committee by the Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania is, in the first place, a curious illustration of the inaccessibility to experience and the "prehensility of tail" of the "regular" Democrats of Pennsylvania. One would have thought that while the Democrats, in the States in which their party organization was conducted by politicians equally superior to principles and prejudices, were making haste to rid themselves of the incubus of the Chicago platform by giving it an absurd interpretation of international bimetallism, the Democrats of Pennsylvania would rather have rejoiced in the possession, as their representative on the National Committee, of a Democrat who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Mr. Harrity has, in fact, been the brightest ornament of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania since the lamentable decline and fall of ex-Governor Pattison at the Chicago convention, where he showed a futile but yearning eagerness to be nominated upon the amazing platform of that assemblage, rather than not to be nominated at all. It was his insistence in holding his pledged delegates to their pledges that prevented Pennsylvania from assuming the dignified attitude of New York.

There is no precedent for the action of the Democratic organization more applicable than that of that character in Dickens who blew out his brains "in vindication of his great principle that crumpets were wholesome," unless it be the precedent which was set much longer ago in the country of the Gadarenes. But Mr. Harrity's own behavior is by no means unexceptionable. It has not been adapted to advance either his own reputation or the cause of sound-money Democracy. This is in either case a pity. Mr. Harrity's reputation was excellent, and was indeed a party possession. He had the prestige which belongs to the successful management of a Presidential campaign, and the still more valuable prestige which comes from conducting such a campaign without trickery or corruption, but by a steady and powerful appeal to political principle. The distinction that he won by succeeding in such a campaign was the more conspicuous by contrast with the preceding campaign, in which the Democratic managers were no more hampered by scruples than their competitors, and in which they lost.

These advantages were public as well as private possessions. It is to be lamented that Mr. Harrity should have done anything to impair and neutralize them, but there can be no question that that has been the effect of his course. It was, of course, his right and his duty to fight the new heresy within the lines of his party organization so long as there was a chance of success in that struggle. But when he saw that the regular organization was bent upon violently rushing down a steep place into the sea, and abnormally increasing the normal Republican majority in Pennsylvania, he should have maintained his integrity by the sacrifice of his regularity. When the downward movement became irresistible he should have separated himself from the drove. It may not have been easy to tell when that time had arrived. But it is certain that Mr. Harrity clung to his place long after it had arrived, and long after he had ceased to represent the Democracy of Pennsylvania as at present constituted and organized. He even clung to it by raising technical points and quibbling points as to his right to represent those whom notoriously he did not represent, until he was forcibly detached from the office to which he clung by a vote of two to one. By waiting to be put out of the place which he might and should have quitted with timely dignity, he has marred his reputation and impaired his usefulness.

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

Of recent events in Europe the official announcement of the "alliance" between Russia and France, on the occasion of the visit of President Faure at the Russian capital, has no doubt been the most sensational. But it may well be questioned whether this event has really changed the relations between the great powers of the Old World sufficiently to justify the sensation it caused at the first moment. A "friendly understanding" between France and Russia has existed for many years. European diplomacy has long been accustomed to take into account the expectation that under certain circumstances those two powers would support one another's interests and aspirations, and agree as much as possible upon common policies. To be sure, an alliance means much more than a mere friendly understanding. It involves a more or less clear definition of the points the understanding is about, and the assumption by each party concerned of certain definite obligations toward the other, binding it to act thus and so in certain emergencies. A mere friendly understanding may be changed or abandoned, as one party or the other may change its views as to its immediate or remote interests, without any breach of positive obligations. By a formal alliance the friendly understanding receives the character of a matter of honor, and thus a much stronger warrant of good faith and durability. But as to its objects the alliance need not go farther than the more informal friendly understanding did, and it is eminently probable that it does not go farther in the present instance.

To France the open demonstration of intimate friendship with Russia has had a peculiar importance ever since her defeat in the Franco-German war. The French Republic found herself in a state of distressing isolation, partly on account of the issue of the war which stripped her of much of her prestige as a great power, and partly on account of her republican institutions, at which the monarchical governments around her looked askance. Backed by Russia she would be relieved of that isolation; her prestige as a great power would be heightened by the combination with another great power, and in the family of European states the republic would be received on an equal footing with the monarchies. The assiduous wooing of the only great republic in Europe for the friendship of the most autocratic of European governments, grotesque as it appeared, was therefore, as a policy, by no means unnatural. With many Frenchmen, if not with a majority of them, there was in the background the thought that revenge on Germany might be made possible by Russian co-operation. Considering the excitable vivacity of the French temperament, it is not astonishing that the demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the French on the occasion of Russian visits in France should have assumed an almost hysterical character. But in moments of soberness it occurred to many of them that such paroxysms of French ecstasy about the Russian friendship had almost regularly been taken advantage of by the Russian government to raise large loans in France, to which the French enthusiasts very liberally subscribed, and that they had a right to demand for their money something more substantial than a mere flirtation, something stronger than a mere friendly understanding, something as solid and impressive as a real alliance. This demand was not unfair, and it has been gratified.

But it is extremely improbable that the Czar should have bound himself to anything in support of any French design of revenge upon Germany. The Czar has not sought the alliance, but he has granted it to France as a boon. It was his privilege therefore to dictate its terms, and so he has undoubtedly done. The policy of Russia is not sentimental. It will sacrifice nothing of Russian interest merely to gratify a friend. It pursues its own aims with cold-blooded calculation, and will shape its alliances accordingly. If it is the predominant desire of France to restore her military prestige as against Germany, it is not at all impossible that Russia may give her to understand that as France was defeated in the war of 1870 by Germany single-handed and alone, her military prestige can be really restored only by her defeating Germany single-handed and alone, and not by Russian armies doing half of the fighting, thus bringing two great powers against one. If it is the main object of France to strengthen herself by recovering from the German Empire the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, Russia will consider with the utmost coolness whether it will be to her interest to make enemies of Germany and her allies, or whether it will not be far more profitable to her to make Germany only apprehensive of irksome possibilities, and then to put a higher price upon Russian friendship. Her cleverness in making Germany and France at the same time serve her aims she successfully demonstrated at the close of the war between China and Japan, when, with the aid of both Germany and France, she made the victory of Japan redound to a very considerable enlargement of the moral influence and material power of Russia in eastern Asia. Nobody need be surprised if in the course of time it should turn out that the policy of making both powers subservient to her ends in Asia and in the Orient, by exciting the hopes of one and the misgivings of the other, was the real meaning and intent, so far as Russia is concerned, of the French alliance.

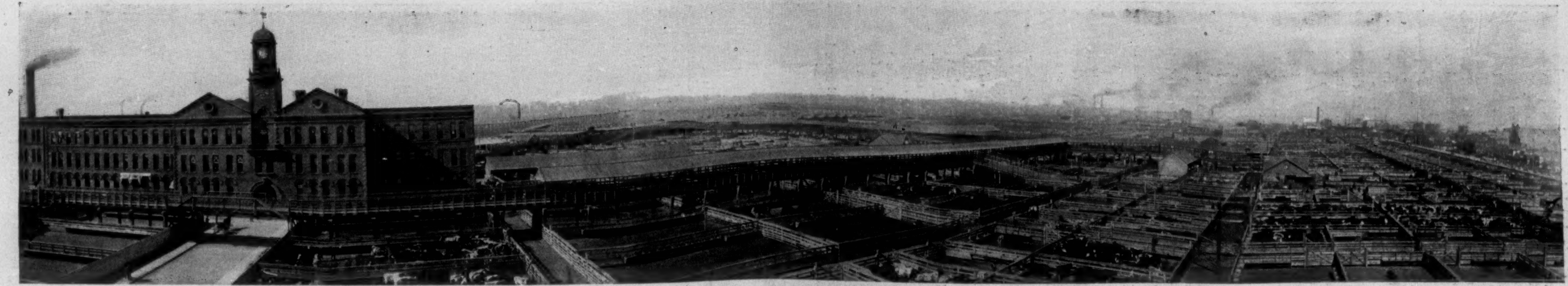
The terms in which the Czar announced the alliance as "a fresh bond between the two friendly and allied nations, which are equally resolved to contribute with all their power to the maintenance of the peace of the world in the spirit of right and equity," must be recognized as admirably serving that purpose. A sanguine French chauvinist may interpret this as meaning that "the spirit of right and equity" demands the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France. Another interpretation may be that, as Alsace and Lorraine once belonged to Germany, and were taken from Germany by France, the reconquest of the two provinces by Germany in a fair fight constitutes a state of things which, according to "the spirit of right and equity," should be maintained. The probability is that Russia, while she may permit this conflict of interpretations to go on, sincerely desires the "maintenance of the world's peace," while looking for opportunities to derive from her way of maintaining the world's peace very valuable advantages for herself.

A far more serious danger of disturbance in Europe threatens to arise from the complications surrounding the settlement of the difficulties between Turkey and Greece. The sudden resurrection of Turkish power and prestige as a consequence of the Cretan insurrection and the war made by Greece in behalf of it, is one of the most astounding developments in the history of our time. Nothing could be more grotesque as an upshot of European diplomacy. But however abhorrent to modern civilization, it is now a fact of the most serious significance. It has inspired the whole Mohammedan world with a consciousness of power such as has not been known for generations. It is felt not only in the Turkish dominions, but far away on the confines of the British Indian Empire.

It is the belief of the Moslem that the Sultan has overcome in battle not only Greece, but all Christendom, and that it is in his power to carry the triumphant crescent much farther. Under such circumstances the concert of the European powers seeks to prevail upon the Sultan to evacuate and give up the conquered province of Thessaly. To have the Christian population of Thessaly put back under the Turkish yoke, and thus to permit a substantial extension of Mohammedan rule in these days of ours, is considered by European opinion as an outrage not to be endured. But the question is whether the Sultan can, in the present excitement of the Mohammedan world, give up that conquest of Mohammedan arms without risking his life, and whether such an attempt on his part were made, it would not cause an upheaval of Mohammedan fanaticism apt to bring on at once that explosion and that confused and destructive struggle of conflicting interests and ambitions which European diplomacy has worked so long and so clumsily to avert.

There is far more danger of conflagration in the trouble about Thessaly, therefore, than in the Franco-Russian alliance; and Europe cannot look into the future without anxious apprehension until the peace between Turkey and Greece is finally settled and calmly acquiesced in on both sides. In this state of uncertainty the nations of Europe stand there armed to the teeth, "every laborer at his work carrying a soldier or a sailor on his back," all nervously dreading the arrival of the moment when the tremendous engines of war will be let loose for the work of bloodshed and destruction. This republic is the only great power untroubled by dangerous entanglements. What patriotic citizen would advise the American people to forfeit the blessing of such a privilege?

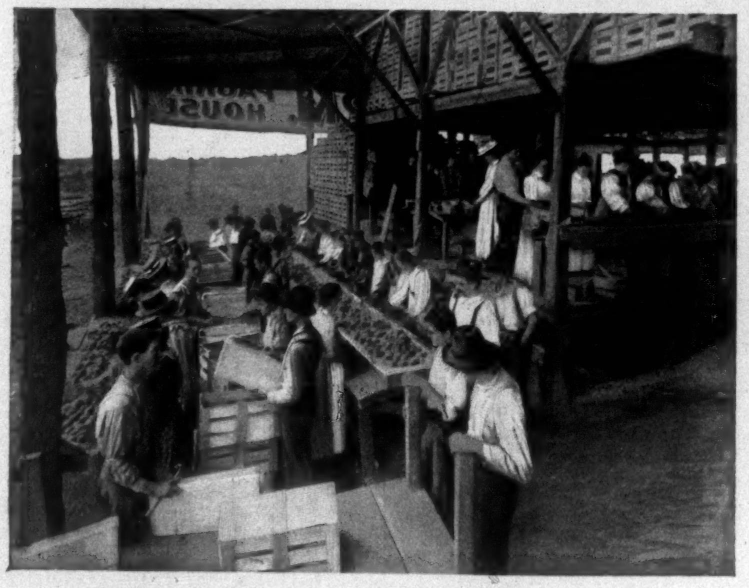
Carl Schurz.



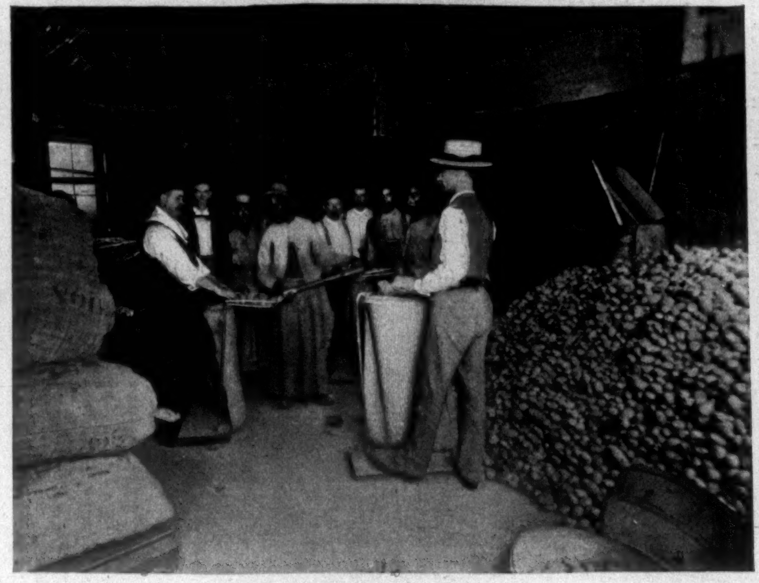
KANSAS CITY LIVE-STOCK EXCHANGE AND STOCK-YARDS, THROUGH WHICH IN 1897 WILL BE YARDED, FED, WATERED, AND SOLD SIX MILLION HEAD OF LIVE-STOCK, VALUED AT $150,000,000.
This is the greatest Market for "Stockers" (Stock Cattle) and "Feeders" (Steers for Fattening) in the World. The Yards are valued at $12,000,000.

HORSE AND MULE MARKET AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

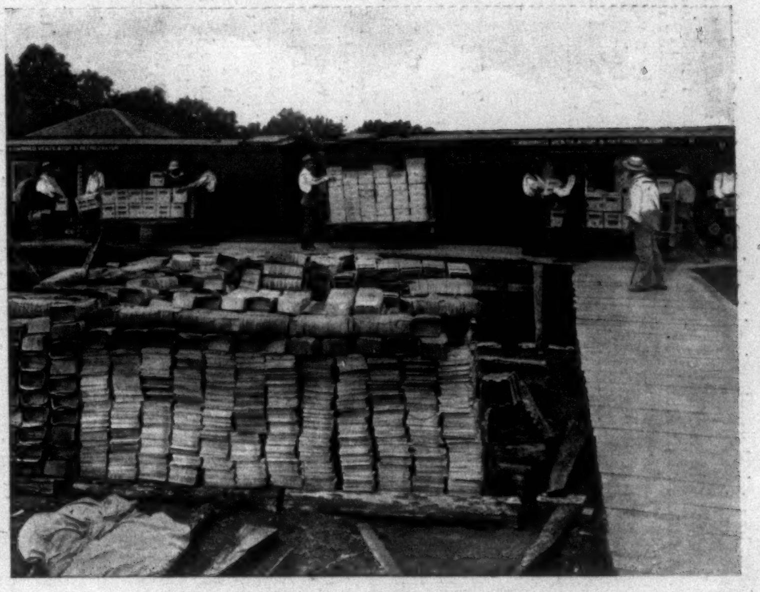
TWO THOUSAND CARS OF WHEAT IN THE RAILROAD YARDS AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, AUGUST 14, ALL ARRIVING WITHIN TWO DAYS.



SORTING PEACHES FOR PACKING IN A MISSOURI ORCHARD.



SELLING A HALF-MILLION POUNDS OF KANSAS VALLEY POTATOES TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR ARMY USE.



LOADING FRUIT FOR MARKET ON A MISSOURI FARM.

REAL PROSPERITY IN THE WEST—SCENES IN KANSAS CITY'S GREAT GRAIN AND CATTLE MARKET AND AMONG THE ORCHARDS OF MISSOURI.—[See Page 898.]

THE TRAGEDY OF BUCK ISLAND.

BY JOHN A. WYETH.

IN northern Alabama the Tennessee River makes its great Southern sweep. On the map the outline of this picturesque stream is not unlike a grape-vine swing, with one end tangled among the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina and the other looped over the Ohio at Paducah.

The seat of the swing is in Marshall County; for here, after fretting its way for hundreds of miles in and out among the mountains of the Appalachian range, tearing bold Lookout in twain for daring to stretch his giant form across its path, baffled at last in its wild rush to the Southern Gulf, and seemingly broken in spirit, it turns with slackened and reluctant flow back to the north, where, with the Ohio, it joins in common tribute to the Father of Waters.

Just in this bend of the river is a group of islands varying in size from one-half a mile to as much as two miles or more in length, and from one-quarter to one-half of a mile in breadth. They are among the most fertile of all the Southern lands, receiving with each annual inundation, when in early spring the snows in the northern mountains melt, a rich alluvial deposit, giving year after year back to the soil the elements which a rank vegetation abstracts for its nutrition.

"Buck Island" is one of this cluster, and contains about eighty acres of ground. It was named in honor of a cunning old stag, which, in its dense canebrakes in the early settlement of the country, long eluded death from the huntsman's rifle and hounds. It is now cleared and cultivated, paying rich tribute in corn to the farmers' industry. At the time of which I write, however, it was almost wholly covered with a heavy forest of tall oak, hickory, and gum trees, of which the leafy tops shut out the rays of the summer sun, while the soil from which they sprung was hidden in a wilderness of cane from ten to thirty feet high, and so thick that in many places a man could not penetrate unless with axe or hunting-knife he cut his way. In the early days, when the frosts killed the grasses on the uplands, the farmers drove their cattle into these islands for winter pasturage, where, upon the rich perennial cane, they fattened until the freshets of spring forced them again to the higher ground for safety.

In 1863-4 the storm of war struck North Alabama. It found it a paradise of plenty, and left it a wasted, blackened, and desolate land. None but those who knew the fertile and beautiful "Valley of the Tennessee" in the days of the old régime, when its prosperity was a marvel, when its hill-sides were burdened with fruit and foliage, and the vast plantations were white with snowy cotton or yellow with tasselling corn, and then revisited it after Appomattox, can realize the change which had transpired.

As I rode through the valley, early in 1865, it seemed one vast burying-ground of the hopes, the happiness, and the wealth of a people once prosperous. From a single elevation I counted the chimneys of seven different plantation homes, standing like gravestones over the ashes that were heaped about them.

Now and then I passed a farm-house which had escaped the general ruin, and more frequently a rude shanty but recently adjusted to a chimney several sizes too tall for it, or a cabin constructed of small logs, and covered with split boards held on the roof by weight-poles in lieu of nails. Fences and palings were gone, and over fields and gardens and yards stretched an almost unbroken tangle of weeds and briers. Nor were the towns exempt; within a radius of thirty miles, Guntersville, Vienna, Woodville, Camden, Larkinsville, Bellefonte, Stevenson, Scottsboro', and Claysville, all thriving towns, were wiped out by fire. And, saddest of all, came untimely and undeserved death to many unarmed, helpless, and innocent citizens; for the most cruel and most uncivil of all things is civil war.

There were among the poorest and most illiterate class in northern Alabama a goodly number who, while not caring particularly whether the Union was to be maintained or not, were very particular in keeping out of the Confederate service. They held it was a slaveholders' war, and as they never owned and never expected to own a slave, they did not see why they should do any of the fighting.

When the conscription laws were enforced they dodged the enrolling officers, and when pressed too closely they left their homes and hid out in the mountains and caves or in the canebrakes in the valley. When the Southern forces were driven out of this section, and their cause was waning, these fugitives came out of their hiding-places, took sides with the Federal soldiers, went with them as scouts or guides, or on their own responsibility organized bands of cutthroats and marauders, plundered the homes of soldiers, their former neighbors, now off in the Confederate army, driving away their cattle, appropriating their supplies, and at times murdering the men too old or boys too young to be in the service, or any unfortunate soldier who, with or without a furlough, had slipped through the lines to make a hurried visit to the wife and children or parents from whom he had long been separated.

Of these marauders "old" Ben Harris was the acknowledged chief and leader. In all the annals of crime probably no more cold-blooded, heartless, and inhuman brute ever trod the earth. He lived near Vienna on Paint Rock River, fifteen miles from my father's home, and of course knew the roads and paths and trails throughout this section, and the "lost ferries"* on the Tennessee. He was invaluable as a guide to the Union soldiers. He knew "Buck Island," too, as will appear, and what I am about to relate is only one of the many bloody deeds of this bloody villain.

My witness is Mr. C. L. Hardcastle, who now lives near Gurley's, a station on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Few men have had such a thrilling experience as this man, and fewer would wish to repeat it.

I knew the Rodens, all of whom were killed, and the fact of their murder is well known to every one in and about this section.

As Hardcastle was also shot, and left for dead, and survived this frightful ordeal, I hunted him up in 1892, and had him write me his story. It is this:

"On the 21st of December, 1863, I was at home on furlough. My people at that time were living in Marshall County, Alabama, on the northern side of the Tennessee River. About ten days before the expiration of my leave of absence we were alarmed by the sudden appearance in our neighborhood of the notorious Ben Harris and his gang of marauders. Knowing that if we were caught we would in all probability share the fate of many others who had been killed by this murderer, I, together with James M. Roden, F. M. Roden, and Porter Roden, sought refuge in Buck Island, where Ben Roden had already driven his cattle, and constructed a rude cabin for the shelter of himself and family in case of necessity, and in order to prevent his cattle from being stolen by various parties of foragers.

"At this place of concealment we were joined by old Mr. Ben Roden himself, shortly after we arrived there. We remained here in supposed security until the morning of December 27, when, about two o'clock, we were aroused from our sleep by a knocking at the door and a demand for our surrender. To our dismay, we found that we were in the hands of Ben Harris!

"He demanded to know the place where we had concealed our boat, and we were promised our lives if we would aid him and his men in raising the boat, which we had sunk, and ferrying the stock from the island to the north bank of the river. He was accompanied by a squadron of men in the uniform of United States cavalry.†

"After we had accomplished this work we were taken a few hundred yards down the river-bank, and were then informed that we had to be shot. It so happened that old Mr. Roden had long been acquainted with Captain Harris, and he asked him to step aside that he might speak with him privately; but his plea for our lives was in vain. When he returned he told us that our case was hopeless, and that we were condemned to be shot, and we all then saw that the object of Harris in shooting us was to prevent it being known, when the war might be over, that he had taken cattle and property belonging to Mr.

* At this period all traffic across the river was stopped, and the ferry-boats were scuttled and concealed in portions of the river difficult of access, and known only to very few. When it became necessary for one of the initiated to cross the river, the hole was plugged, the water bailed out, and when the opposite side was reached the plug was removed, and the boat again sank to the level of the water; hence the name, "lost ferry."

† Harris and his gang were not enlisted in the Union army.

Roden. Harris stated to us that if any of us wanted to pray, we could do so, and that if we had anything that we wished to send to our people, they would take it to them for any of us. Porter Roden gave them several things to carry back to his wife and little children. I have since learned that they never gave these things to the widow they had made.

"In looking back over this horrible experience it still seems to me the prayer Porter Roden made for himself, and for all of us, as we stood there within a few minutes of eternity, was one of the most earnest appeals to the mercy of the Eternal Judge of Man that ever fell from the lips of mortal. When he had finished we faced them, and as we stood in line it so happened that I was the last one at the end in the right of the line. Harris and his men began the shooting from the head of the line, and shot them all from two to four times each with their pistols. I being at the foot of the line was the last one, and at the flash of the first pistol-shot aimed at me at close range I fell to the ground as if dead. The ball, which wounded me, passed through my right arm, for I turned sideways to them as they shot me, and the bullet cut the artery in my arm. When they were dragging our bodies to throw them into the river, they stopped to feel my pulse, but, fortunately for me, they felt the side which had already been wounded. As the pulsation at the wrist was absent, they threw me with the others into the river, like so many hogs. As I was plunged into the water, unfortunately I became slightly strangled and coughed. Some one said, 'Stick your sabre into his d—d body,' but I had floated out from the bank, beyond the reach of this weapon, when they shot at me again but missed me. As they fired I held my breath and sank under the water, and they turned and left me for dead.

"I floated under some drift-wood which had caught in the trees on the bank of the river, and under this brush I succeeded in concealing myself where I could get air until sufficient time had elapsed for them to get away. I was so greatly weakened from the cold (for this was winter) and from the loss of blood that I was scarcely able to reach the bank and crawl up out of the water. How long I remained upon the ground I scarcely know, but it seemed like a long time before I was able to travel about one mile to the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Stearns, and there got some stimulants, food, and dry clothes. My friends then went with me to the river, where I got a boat and was ferried to the other side."

Such, with very slight changes in phraseology, is the simple story of this remarkable experience. Few persons have ever gone so far into the "valley of the shadow of death" and then returned. No doubt it was to the wonderful presence of mind of this unassuming and plain countryman that he owed his preservation. Many a man would have given up at once, lost his self-control, and submitted perhaps with equal courage to his fate. But this man determined at the first crack of the pistol fired at him to drop as if dead, and did, courageously, notwithstanding the wound which had disabled him, and with two or three other shots fired at his supposed inanimate body, remain perfectly still, and by so doing saved his life. Despite this wound and two others received in battle he survived to give to the world a true account of this horrible massacre, only one of many of like ferocity which swept men to untimely death, and left mothers and wives and children helpless and broken-hearted. Such was our war; such are all wars!

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, *August 18, 1897.*

A nice little German girl, innocent of any political intent, gave me a capital illustration of the all-pervading nature of Prussian police supervision. Her father, who is a distinguished member of the Reichstag, bought her a bicycle, and with this the family troubles increased.

The first day on which she appeared outside of the door, a demand was made upon her for a police permit, which she had never heard of before. Next day, after school hours, she went to the police magistrate of her district, and had to wait an hour and a half in a room where all the windows were closed on a hot day in June. When her turn came she was asked her name, her age, a certificate of her baptism, and other evidences of a respectable character. In addition to answering a list of questions she was compelled to produce a formal written application from her father certifying that this little girl was not likely to prove a dangerous element of the community. Had she been seeking an office where dynamiters were expected to apply, the police could not have been more careful. They took her deposition and that of her father, but evidently thought that this was not enough, for on the same evening appeared a police agent with sword and helmet, who called the father out and inquired if he was really the person referred to in this bicycle application.

This matter was settled satisfactorily, and now the little girl jumped with happiness at the thought of being able to ride for the first time in the Thiergarten along with her school friends. So she started next day, but was promptly arrested because she had not yet received the corroborative sanction of the imperial police authorities, whose office is in the heart of the city back of the Emperor's palace. It was very embarrassing for the little girl to have a crowd of street boys make fun of her, for I regret to say that young German boys do not display that chivalry towards defenceless women which the much wearing of swords might lead a stranger to expect. In fact, I am inclined to think that an American fist is more useful in this respect than all the sabres that clank along the Berlin pavements.

The little girl cried and went home to wait for an opportunity when some one could take her for a long trip into the city—a journey that might be compared to going from Central Park to the City Hall.

When she arrived at the central police station she found the place crowded with applicants of all kinds, and she had to wait there two hours until a policeman in uniform allowed her to appear before him. Then she was sharply scrutinized, again made to answer every kind of pertinent and impertinent question, and at length entered into a big book, as are those whose pictures figure in the Rogues' Gallery.

The color of her eyes and of her hair, the shape of her nose, her height—in short, she was so particularly described that she began to feel as though bicycling must be regarded by the government at least as akin to criminal indulgence. She had now wasted three precious afternoons, but forgot all about her troubles when at last, on the day following, she started upon her beautiful new bicycle for a ride which she felt sure could be one only of pleasure.

She had not got as far as the avenue to Charlottenburg before a policeman ordered her to stop, which she did with a smile, for she confidently thought to herself, "Now I am safe, for I have conformed with every possible official requirement."

The policeman said, roughly, "Show me your certificate."

My little friend continued smiling, and said, gayly: "Oh yes, I have my certificate. My name and address are registered, and everything is in order."

But the sweet smile vanished when the policeman said he didn't care who she was, or what she was, and that she could not ride her bicycle until she showed him her certificate.

She said she would show it to him if he would come home with her, but that he was not empowered to do. Meanwhile the poor child was surrounded by a large crowd of street boys, who called her names and made her feel otherwise uncomfortable. The policeman saw no reason why he should protect from persecution a person guilty of so serious an offence as riding a bicycle. He gravely wrote down full particulars in regard to the child's identity, and then allowed her to trundle her machine before him to her home.

On this ignominious police pilgrimage this modest young girl was hounded by street urchins as though she had been a pickpocket escorted to the common jail. The representative of the law, in consideration for her age and because her father was a prominent member of the Imperial Reichstag, magnanimously refrained from taking her to the prison, but allowed her to go home with the admonition that a special police commissioner would call upon her that evening.

The child cried herself into a fever, and of course the parents were somewhat alarmed at the prospect of police notoriety. At nine o'clock that evening the law came and demanded a fine of seventy-five cents, or one thaler, for having moved upon the streets of Berlin with a bicycle and without a police certificate handy.

The little girl recovered from her tearful fever, and the father laughs about it as a joke. But the joke is against the tax-payer in general much more than against nice little bike maidens in particular.

"How much money," I asked, "did you have to pay originally for permission to ride a bicycle?"

To my amazement she informed me that there was *no government tax whatever*. So that here is a vexatious hindrance to personal liberty costing large sums of money to already overtaxed people for the support of officials who are too many as it is, and all this torment and expense has not even the questionable justification of being in the interests of the public treasury.

The revolution of 1848 will furnish the theme for many poets and orators on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Berlin barricade fights of the "March days." It is interesting for us to note that the chief opposition to the liberal movement in Prussia during the years preceding this popular struggle was supported by the large number of officials trained to passive obedience. To these men a new idea was always a revolutionary one, and they allowed no strong men to remain in office because they dreaded the effect of liberal ideas upon an honest king. To-day Germany is ridden to death by bureaucratic officialism, which sees in every liberal a "*Vaterlandslöser Geselle*"—a term which corresponds to a scoundrel who has abandoned one country without acquiring an interest in another.

The City Library of Berlin has just published a catalogue of the books bequeathed to it in 1892 by the late Dr. Friedländer. The German papers spoke of this as the most complete collection of documents bearing upon the liberal movement culminating in the revolution of 1848. Of course I hastened to make use of an opportunity offered to me by a Berlin alderman to inspect this treasure, and discovered, to my great sorrow, that the documents most offensive to the police of that day, and consequently most interesting to the historian of this, were wanting. This item may save the steps of many historical students, who would otherwise anticipate new historical wealth in this so-much advertised collection.

Poultney Bigelow.

A GREAT GRAIN AND CATTLE MARKET.

The great agricultural area in the United States tributary to the Mississippi and Missouri valleys never enjoyed greater real prosperity, better conditions, or brighter prospects for the future than at present. This is due to two causes—the thorough liquidation or financial house-cleaning of the past five years, and the abundant crops of the present season, which are selling at prices not secured in nearly a decade past. These conditions are widespread, covering many States and applying to all manner of agriculture. The good effects are not confined to rural localities, for every town and city which is handling a portion of this great yield of farm produce is reaping a commercial harvest of its own, calculated to give a stability to its business interests lacking, in many cases, for several years past.

With this prosperity so general, it is difficult for one section to establish a just claim to particular notice. Such section exists, however, and the conditions therein are more than noticeable—they are phenomenal. Roughly outlined, this section may be said to be 350 miles long north and south, and 300 miles broad east and west. It commences in northern Nebraska, extends southward through Nebraska and Kansas, and ends in a rounded point in Oklahoma. It includes, therefore, the central portion of Nebraska, central and eastern Kansas, and the eastern half of northern Oklahoma. Kansas City, Missouri, is the gathering-point for the products of this area and the distributing-point for its supplies. The story of conditions in the interior is daily being written in the bank accounts of the Kansas City merchants, posted on the blackboards of the live-stock, grain, and produce exchanges, and tallied by the car-checkers of the twenty-eight railroads which enter the Kansas City yards.

The first intimation of something unusual yet to come was an enormous increase in orders for agricultural machinery and farming implements. Kansas City sold in this area in 1896 about 15 million dollars' worth of such goods. Before the 1st of August, 1897, the sales had amounted to over 20 million dollars, and several million more will be added before the season closes. One item of these sales has been 20 million pounds, or about one million dollars' worth, of twine for binding grain. Closely following these orders for harvesting machinery came reports of increased acreage, and as the threshing-machines commenced their labors it was soon made apparent that the yield per acre had never been equalled before in the history of the grain-raising West. The average wheat yield in the United States is seventeen or eighteen bushels per acre. In southern Kansas and Oklahoma there have been many fields cut during the past month in which the straw was six feet high and the yield forty-five or more bushels to the acre.

Then came the question of prices. It was thought there would be a slump when the new crop came in. Experienced grain men figured September wheat as low as forty-five cents. But it has gone up steadily until it reached and climbed above the dollar mark in Kansas City August 20, and this market may be said to represent farmers' prices, as it is in the midst of the wheat-shocks. In Ellis County, Kansas, there is $1000 in wheat for each family in the county. In Sumner County there is $800. There are about thirty-five counties in Kansas where the wheat per capita is equally large, some of these counties including good-sized towns. In Barton County a man rented a farm, agreeing to give one-third of the crop to the owner. He also took an option on the 160 acres at $10 an acre. He raised 3618 bushels of wheat on 154 acres, and with the proceeds of his two-thirds paid $1600 for the farm and had a $200 surplus. In Fairview a man owed $1000 on a farm. He persuaded a banker to let him have $200 to get out of the country with. The banker did so, and took a deed of the farm, on which was a growing crop. The banker sold the wheat therefrom for $1700, and has the farm left over. Another farmer owed $800 on 160 acres, and in 1896 he sowed a crop of rye. The crop was poor, and refusing to harvest it, he left the country in disgust. The rye ripened and lodged in the ground, coming up again as a volunteer crop. This spring the neighbors wrote to the owner of the land, urging him to come back and harvest his crop. He did so, and out of the proceeds paid off the mortgage and had some left over. Many farms bought last year at from $10 to $20 an acre have been fully paid for by this one crop of 1897.

In 1896 Kansas raised 30 million bushels of wheat, Nebraska 19 million, and Oklahoma 5 million. In 1897 Kansas has 50 million bushels of wheat, Nebraska 30 million, and Oklahoma 20 million. In 1896 the farmers sold their wheat for 40 cents a bushel. In 1897 the farmers are selling their wheat close to the dollar mark. In this territory alone the difference in crop and price means a difference of about 75 million dollars in the income of the farmers, or as much as the entire cotton crop brings to the Texas planters. In 1896 this same territory produced 555 million bushels of corn, and sold it for 12 cents a bushel. This year it will produce 600 million bushels, and will sell it for 17 cents or more. In 1896 5,471,246 head of live-stock, worth 104 million dollars, passed through the Kansas City stock-yards. In 1897 6 million head, worth 150 million dollars, will be handled there. Cattle are twenty per cent. higher this year, hogs thirty per cent., and sheep about the same. The great demand is for stock cattle to restock depleted ranges, and for thin cattle, or "feeders," to eat the great corn crop of this famed section. The prices now being paid for feeders indicate a continuation of high prices for beef cattle for at least three years to come. Wheat, corn, and cattle are not the only things being sold at a handsome profit from this area. The Kansas Valley is noted for its potatoes. Potatoes are plenty in the Kansas Valley and scarce elsewhere, hence three times as much is being paid for them this year as last. August 2 there stood in the railroad yards of Chicago 100 car-loads of potatoes from the Kansas Valley, for which 50 cents a bushel had been paid. Apples, peaches and other fruits are likewise plentiful here and scarce elsewhere. One man near Atchison, Kansas, sold his apple crop from 135 acres for $14,000, the apples to be picked by the buyer. Just south of Kansas City, Missouri, the owner of 600 acres of apple-trees has reckoned his net profits for the season at $35,000; and so on the story goes from farm to orchard and to cattle-ranch. Nowhere in all this immense area so favored by fortune can a man be found who does not feel the benefits and is not profiting thereby. It may be said, without fear of dispute, that here exists an agricultural condition the like of which cannot be found elsewhere in the world. The high-priced grain is blockading railroad traffic, cattle-buyers are scouring the country for herds which they cannot find. The trees of the orchards are breaking to the ground with the weight of the fruit. In 1896, during the week ending August 20, Kansas City paid the people of this section $2,016,000 for the produce they brought to town. In 1897, during the week ending August 20, Kansas City paid these same people $4,202,000 for the products of their farms which reached the Kansas City market in those six days. Of this amount $300,000 went to the railroads for freight, and $60,000 to the Kansas City brokers for commissions.

During the past three years Nebraska has paid off 30 million dollars in mortgages, and Kansas 50 million dollars. In Oklahoma there were few mortgages to pay off, for the people had secured no title to the newly settled land, and had no credit otherwise. The result is that the Oklahoma people have their wheat money clear. They are using it to get title to their land, put improvements thereon, and to buy cattle to feed for market.

The cry for cheap money has been lost in the whir of the harvester and the rustle of the wind in the corn rows. The politicians have changed their tactics, and now it is the "robbery by the railroads" and the "corruption of the United States District Courts." These are the key-notes of the long-haired political essayists. It matters little, however, as 'most anything will do to amuse the politicians, as the people are too busy to pay much attention to what they are doing or saying just now.

James Davenport Whelpley.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. F. H. Magdeburg, of Milwaukee, Captain in the Fourteenth Wisconsin Veteran Volunteer Infantry, takes exception to an impression which seems to have been created by St.-Gaudens's fine statue of General Logan, that when Logan took command of the Army of the Tennessee, after the death of McPherson, that army was demoralized and in a critical state. Captain Magdeburg quotes General Logan's report of the events of July 22, 1864, to prove that the divisions which were in action when he took command were not demoralized, but had just repulsed Hardee's attack, and had, in General Logan's own words, "by the unsurpassed bravery of the men and the great skill and resources of their immediate commanders, maintained the integrity of their lines."

The estate of the late Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, was the chief owner of the Baker Chocolate Works, which were sold the other day for $4,750,000. Since this sale it has been possible to estimate pretty accurately what sums will be paid to the five institutions which were named in Mr. Pierce's will as residuary legatees. These institutions are Harvard University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Boston Art Museum, the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital. It is now computed that they will receive about $700,000 apiece. The uses to which these sums may be put is not restricted. Harvard may use part of hers to add a reading-room to her library; the Institute of Technology is in urgent need of several new buildings; the museum will probably build an addition, and of course the two hospitals will build a little, though each of the beneficiaries is likely to add the greater part of its great windfall to its endowment fund. The endowment of the Homœopathic Hospital will be more than tripled by Mr. Pierce's bequest.

The National Sculpture Society has advised the Park Board that the clay model of the new statue of Bolivar, by Turini, "fails to reach that standard of artistic excellence" which would entitle it to a place in a New York park. The existing statue, which stands in Central Park, on Summit Rock, near West Eighty-third Street, was given to the city in 1884 by Venezuela. It has never been favorably regarded as a work of art, and the new one, which is a copy of the Bolivar statue at Caracas, was designed to take its place. It is embarrassing to be obliged to divulge to the benevolent Venezuelans that their proffered sculpture won't wash, but the Sculpture Society is an inexorable band, and perhaps its verdict may in the end be a benefit to Venezuelan art.

Judging from the newspaper reports of the Francis Wilson fort around the soldiers' monument at New Rochelle there is ground for apprehension that the new defence may presently be assailed, captured, and sunk. New Rochelle abounds in fluent writers and diligent artists, but none of them as yet has undertaken to demonstrate that the fort is a nice fort and suited to its site. The fort is either much maligned or indefensible.

Folks who live in the northern peninsula of Michigan are of the opinion that it is expedient for them to detach their territory from the rest of the State and set up for themselves as the new State of Superior. They propose to borrow the northern counties of Wisconsin above a line running west from Green Bay to the Mississippi River, including all Wisconsin's water-front on Lake Superior, and the city of Superior, near Duluth. Thus supplemented with land and people they would have a population of half a million, and great wealth of land, lumber, mines, bears, trout streams, islands, scenery, and natural geographical boundaries. Isle Royale in Lake Superior would be in the new State; also the Apostle Islands. The State would include the pictured rocks of Lake Superior, the Calumet and Hecla mines, and other mines of immense value, the cities of Sault Ste.-Marie, Marquette, Ashland, and Superior, and a tolerably complete outfit of railroads. The peninsula people give as the reason of their desire to flock by themselves that it is exceedingly inconvenient for them, especially in winter, to go round Lake Michigan into the lower part of the State and do their share of governing. The geography of their aspirations at least is interesting, and it will pay any Eastern person who has been fifteen years out of school and is not in the lake transportation business to get a map and study it out. Whether there is geography enough involved to warrant the addition of two more members to the United States Senate is of course another question.

We are told that at the Zionist Congress, held last week at Basle, Switzerland, two hundred delegates were present including one from Baltimore. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of the synagogue at Madison Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street, is quoted as saying the Zionist movement has been discussed by the American Jews, with the conclusion that it is political rather than religious, and that therefore it is not incumbent on the Jews here to support it. Still, even in England and America, where there is no persecution of Jews, the movement has found some favor, and some of the Jews of Baltimore sent Dr. Schaeffer to Basle to represent them. The foreign despatches say that the congress unanimously adopted the programme of establishing the Jews in Palestine.

The scheme, which goes by the name of Zionism, grew out of the persecution of the Jews in Russia and eastern Europe, and seems to have taken form in the mind of Dr. Theodore Herzl, of Vienna, the author of *Der Judenstaat*. His plan, which is outlined in his book, finds warm support from Max Nordau, and seems to have been fully endorsed at the recent congress. He wants to colonize Palestine with Jews, and form there a self-governing community, with political rights and protection purchased by an annual tribute paid to the Sultan. As the movement has developed from a scheme of benevolence into a political movement, strong opposition to it has sprung up. Where the Zionist idea has spread it has tended to detach Jews from their allegiance to the countries in which they live—to make them feel that they were not Germans or Russians or Austrians, but simply Jews, and to make them draw away more than ever from their Christian neighbors. This tendency has been encouraged by the social slights and insults to which Jews have been subjected in Germany and Austria, as well as by the persecutions in Russia. Its growth gives uneasiness and displeasure to thousands of European Jews who are identified with the countries in which they live, and have no intention or desire to move out of them. These Jews—a majority of the Jews of Europe—deny that there is any Jewish race, or that any bond exists between Jews except their religion. They look upon the Zionist plans as fantastic, and impossible of fulfilment even if they were good. They point out the difficulty of redeeming the soil of a barren country like Palestine so that it will support a population, and the absurdity of relying on any engagement made by the Sultan. They disbelieve that a heterogeneous lot of Jews gathered from all countries could work together well enough to govern themselves, and they disapprove the whole agitation as an unsettling movement adapted to damage conditions that are fairly good and to make bad matters worse. The rabbis of the great German cities have even declared that Zionism is contrary to Judaism and the Messianic prophecies, and have warned their people to keep away from Basle.

So, though the scheme is interesting and appeals strongly to the imagination, it will hardly in its present stage invite the investments of thrifty persons who expect returns for their money. Nor does it seem adapted to excite any warmer sentiment than curiosity among the Jews of this country. If Lawrence Oliphant were still alive he would be interested in it, and his opinions on the subject would make good reading. Meanwhile the Bellamys of the movement are Max Nordau and Dr. Herzl.

The attention of Boston has been called to an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Growth of Caste in the United States," whereof the author, Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlain, alludes to "Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who did not belong to the best society any more than Theodore Parker did." Of course it is flattering to Boston to suggest that there was better society in that town than Dr. Holmes affected, but even Boston must admit that Mr. Chamberlain has been misinformed. It might perhaps be asserted with fair prospects of proof that Walt Whitman never really penetrated the best circles of Philadelphia, but Boston is different, and so was the Autocrat. In Philadelphia birth gives social rank. In Boston, in Dr. Holmes's day, birth and achievement (with some moderate pecuniary lubrication) gave it. Dr. Holmes, with the Holmeses and Wendells and Dorothy Q. behind him, was very well fitted out with lineage, and his achievements were notable, both in his profession and out of it. His intimates included the intellectual and social swells of his time and town, and tradition has it that when he came to New York he ate periodically with members of the Astor family. Some one seems to have imposed on Mr. Chamberlain. Not only was there no better society in Boston during Dr. Holmes's lifetime than that which he adorned, but it is even suspected that the best Boston society of that day was, on the whole, the most remunerative that existed in the United States. Of course it was a comparatively simple society, made up merely of folks who were folks, and not to be compared with the social product of times of great pecuniary enlargement like those now present, when the best society includes no one whose steam-yacht measures less than 170 feet on the water-line and who is not connected by marriage or intense sympathy with the British peerage. Still, it was the best society the times afforded, and certainly in its humble way it was good.

The students of Stanford University must enjoy popular government in an unusual and interesting degree. Word comes of a letter that was issued a fortnight ago by President Jordan to a Mr. Thorburn, described as a Senior and "chairman of the student body that is intrusted with the regulation of undergraduate affairs." Dr. Jordan informs Mr. Thorburn that there are more applications to enter the university than can be granted, and that the faculty can waste no effort on the idle, the dissipated, and the undeserving. Then reminding him that "it is part of the duty of your committee to eliminate unworthy persons from the rolls of university classes," he says:

> It is desired that you should exercise this authority not only on those found guilty of specific acts of immorality or dishonesty, but on any whose personal influence is objectionable. It is desirable also that you should look somewhat to the welfare of students who subject themselves to unusual privations.

Senior Thorburn and his fellow-committeemen ought to have salaries, as perhaps they do. There have been cases in the Eastern colleges where specific misconduct has been dealt with by undergraduates and offenders dismissed, but an undergraduate commission empowered and expected to dismiss the idle and undeserving, and to see that the studious are not overworked or underfed, is a novelty.

President Jordan, by-the-way, says there is nothing in the story that Professor Ross of Stanford was swapped from one chair of instruction to another because of his free-silver views. The change, the president says, was due to the return of a professor who had been absent, and accorded with the original plan of the university.

The remodelling and amplification of the Grand Central Railroad Station at Forty-second Street, in New York, is matter of very general interest and concern. Since the present station was built, twenty-seven years ago, the character of the neighborhood has greatly changed and improved, and fine new buildings, like the Manhattan Hotel, on Forty-second Street, and Sherry's, Delmonico's, and the Hotel Renaissance near-by, on Fifth Avenue, have made the old station look dingy and mean by comparison. The plans for reconstruction are thorough, involving the expenditure of a million dollars, and the erection of what will be practically a new building, six stories high, with domes on each corner and over the middle of the building on Vanderbilt Avenue. The material used is to be brick, and a good part of the present walls will be left standing, but all the outside will be covered with Portland cement, which will give the appearance of stone. The plans of the architect, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, provide for a complete change of the interior and for one common waiting-room, 100 feet by 200, for all the roads using the station. This great waiting-room, with an area of 12,000 square feet, is to be handsome, modern, and comfortable, both in its construction and furniture, so that passengers who use it will hardly realize that they are in New York, and will have to pinch themselves to remember that they are not in Boston or Philadelphia. There are to be fireplaces, they tell us, and writing-tables, and smoking-rooms, and chairs of all sizes, and ladies' rooms of fabulous merit. It is even possible that there may be parcel-rooms like those in the Boston stations, where one may check a hand-bag for five cents, but that as yet is not promised. The new station, if it fulfils its promise, will be a great boon to a great many patient and deserving people. Nearly twelve million passengers use the present station every year.

Prince Luigi of Savoy and his party seem to have found no extreme or unexpected difficulties in the ascent of Mount St. Elias. They started inland on June 22 from Yakutat Bay, with 6000 pounds of supplies, which were hauled on sleds by men. In six days they reached Malaspina Glacier, which is twenty miles wide and extremely rough. It took four days to cross it. After celebrating the Fourth of July, they crossed the Seward Glacier, after a long search to find a practicable place. Next came the Agassiz Glacier, and next Mount Newton Glacier, which experts regard as about the roughest in the world. At the foot of it they met the Bryant party—Mr. Bryant, Mr. Ingraham of Seattle, and Mr. Latham of the United States Coast Survey—returning from an attempt to scale the mountain. Sickness had turned them back. Crossing this difficult glacier, Prince Luigi reached the foot of the mountain proper. At this point all the Americans in the party were left behind, as previously agreed, and the Italians went on alone. The ascent took place on Friday, July 30. The party were seven hours in reaching the divide, where they rested. Then four hours of further climbing brought them to the summit. They spent two hours on the peak, took photographs and scientific observations, and returned to camp, which they reached before nightfall. They got back to Yakutat Bay without accident, and took ship from there to Sitka. From Sitka they returned by steamer to Victoria, B. C., where they arrived on August 25.

The men who are best qualified to judge of the chances of Herr Andrée's return have no thought of giving him up. Baron Nordenskjöld, who abetted Andrée's scheme and saw him start, says that he expects the balloonist to turn up in Siberia some time this fall. Nansen says, "I fully expect Andrée will pull through all right"; and Andrée's sister shows like confidence of his return. Their convictions are shared by Mr. E. B. Baldwin, of Chicago, who has been to see them, and conferred with them about the explorer's prospects. Andrée and his two companions took with them a boat, a sledge, and six months' provisions. Wherever they land they are likely to find game or birds, besides which they know at what points in the extreme North provisions have been buried by previous explorers. So we are not unlikely to read Andrée's story; and what a story it may be!

It is reported from Washington that seven architects have been invited to submit competitive designs for the new government building (to cost $190,000) at Norfolk, Virginia. This is the first experiment by Secretary Gage under the Tarsney law, which was expected to secure the competition of architects in the design of public buildings. It is further stated that it is the Secretary's intention to invite architects to submit plans for the new Ellis Island Immigrant Station, which is to cost about $500,000. Inasmuch as Secretary Gage's intentions seem to be good, it is to be hoped that the honorable but sometimes irascible body of architects will deal as gently and politely with him as their sense of professional responsibility will permit.

There is news from the Klondike region to suit every taste and expectation, facts being somewhat scarce in the letters and despatches, and surmises comprehensive and abundant. This is not unnatural, because it is largely a matter of guess-work how many men will reach the new El Dorado before winter, and what supplies of food will be there for their maintenance. All accounts agree in attesting that the Klondike is like heaven in the hymn in that no one need expect to be carried there on flowery beds of ease. It is a hard place to get to, hard to stay in, and tolerably hard to get back from. Men fare roughly there, but the creature that fares worst is the Klondike horse. It is a place to send bad horses to for their sins. One correspondent says: "Horses are worked almost to death, and then shot. All that are not dead when snow comes are killed and used for dog-food."

September 1 was moving day for Columbia University. The buildings at 116th Street, though by no means all complete, are far enough along now to shelter the university, and the beginning of the fall term will find it in its new home.

The popular and important industry of starting new universities, which has lagged a little during the past four years, begins to look up again. Rumors are extant of a Lutheran university to be located at Utica, New York; others, more vague but more interesting, forecast a Presbyterian university at Denver, with a great endowment, and intentions as comprehensive as those of any university in the country. The Presbyterians already own a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar college building in the suburbs of Denver, which was built four or five years ago and has not been used yet, and that is doubtless the nucleus around which the current rumors are gathering. The Colorado State University is at Boulder, very near Denver. The Methodists have a university in Denver; there is a Jesuit college there, and large Roman Catholic schools for girls. The Episcopalians and Baptists have also essayed extensive educational projects there, and got as far as to put up large buildings, which stand empty. So writes a correspondent to the *Evening Post*, who thinks that Colorado has shown herself very much alive to the interests of the higher education. It may be worth adding that Denver may be a good place to educate young persons from the East whose lungs are under suspicion.

E. S. Martin.

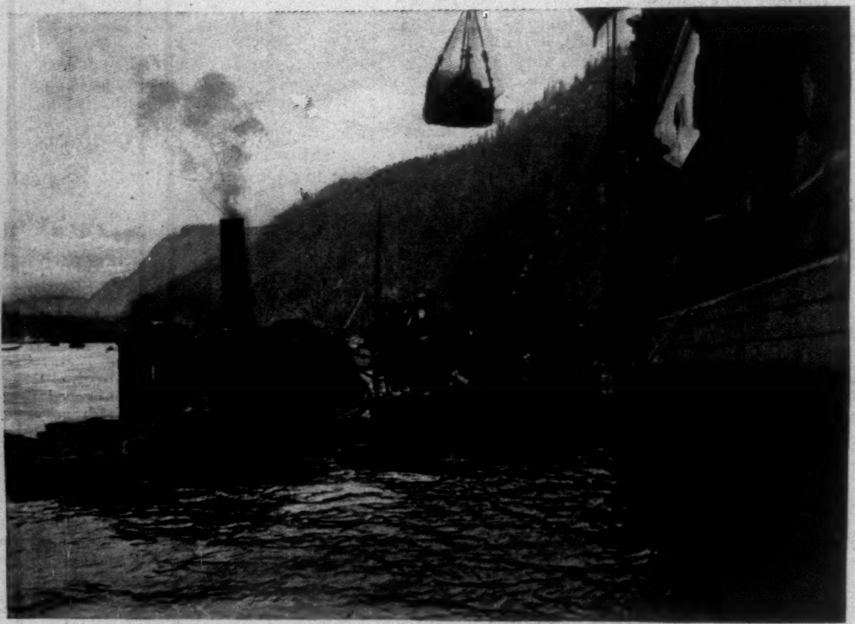
SKAGWAY—THE STARTING-POINT FOR MINERS GOING OVER WHITE PASS TRAIL.

THE ENTRANCE TO LYNN CANAL.

FREIGHT STORED ON THE BEACH AT SKAGWAY.

A VIEW OF DYEA.

MINERS LANDING FREIGHT ON THE ROCKS AT DYEA.



LANDING PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE IN SCOWS AT DYEA.

KLONDIKE MINERS AND THEIR GREAT CAMP AT SKAGWAY, AUGUST 12.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—SCENES AT DYEA AND SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN JOHN IRVING AND LA ROCHE.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I.—FITTING OUT AT VICTORIA FOR THE GOLD-FIELDS.

VICTORIA, B. C., *August 15.*

THE streets of leisurely Victoria are thronged with strange men, and there is an earnest look on their faces and a firmness in their step. When the sealers return each autumn there is another crowd, but not like this. Victoria has never seen this crowd before. They are the kind of men who are the pioneers in every new country; men from every station of life, but all of one mind, actuated by one purpose. They are buying horses, and watching men who in front of stores explain the "diamond hitch"; they are buying thick, warm woollens; belts that go around the waist, with flaps that button down over little compartments; little bags of buckskin, with gathering-strings at the top; heavy iron-shod shoes, made in the likeness of nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath, but strong, durable, and suited for the purpose in view; and moccasins of moose-hide, with socks as thick as a man's hand and that reach to the knee. The moccasins are big enough for two or three pairs of such as these.

TWO CALIFORNIA MINERS BOUND FOR THE GOLD-FIELDS.

The crowd is cosmopolitan. It has gathered from remote points. There are Scotch and Irish, French and German, together with plain American. Klondike! magic word, that is possessing men so that they think and talk of nothing else. Victoria sells mittens and hats and coats only for Klondike. Flour and bacon, tea and coffee, are sold only for Klondike. Shoes and saddles and boats, shovels and sacks—everything for Klondike. The man who is not going by next boat for the North, or who is not "waiting till spring," or who has not decided reasons for not going at all and why every one else should not go, must be a rarity. He does not exist in this town, so far as I have been able to discover in one week's time. Even in the singsong of the Chinaman the ear will catch the sound "Klondike." Boys who at other times might be impudent, now, with a look of wonder, point and say, "He's going to Klondike!" It's a distinction to be a Klondiker.

Even here the bigness of the undertaking is realized. A dozen men have grasped me by the hand and said: "I wish you success. Any one who has the courage to start there deserves every bit." It may be a business man, an editor, or the man who stands at your back at the hotel table. All are alike interested—all who could, have gone with the first rush; and those who can, are going "in the spring." They doubt if one can get in now before it freezes tight; and they may be right when they say that hundreds if not thousands of men with their outfits at the Chilkoot and White passes will camp there all winter, unable to get across.

When I left New York there were still two distinct routes to Dawson. That by water *viâ* St. Michael at the mouth of the Yukon, thence up that river in flat-bottomed steamer seventeen hundred miles. The other was overland across the Chilkoot Mountains to the lakes which form the head-waters of the Yukon, the distance being much less, but involving no less expense, and with a large proportion of hardship and danger. The latter I chose; with what wisdom no one can tell until the horses are on the trail that leads from Skagway Bay, on Lynn Canal, up over the big mountain.

Amid the conflicting and confusing reports but one thing appeared certain—the passes were congested with the baggage of hundreds of men struggling to get through, with the rates for packing going up daily like the mercury on an August morning, while the native packers were making no headway on the thousands of tons of miners' supplies.

The telegraph reserved state-room to Dyea, and space for freight and for six horses to go by the steamer *Islander*, sailing from Victoria August 15 and due at Dyea by the 20th. This will allow one month for the trip to Dawson, and as much more time as a possible late fall may give.

AN EVERY-DAY SCENE AT VICTORIA DOCK.
Carpenters making Scows for lightering the Freight at Skagway Bay (White Pass).

Victoria is awakening to the realization of a fact—a blunt, hard, yet agreeable fact. Circle City and Juneau, where the gold has hitherto been mined, are in American territory, and so Seattle has practically monopolized the Alaska outfitting business. But Klondike River is in Canadian territory, and the laws that govern the Dominion apply as well to its remotest corner, and every miner's outfit that goes across the international line, whether from Circle City or from Chilkoot Pass, owes a duty. Why, then, should not Victoria and Vancouver do the business for Klondike, and thereby save the miners the duties? Some wide-awake business men answered the question by at once despatching a man to Seattle to purchase an outfit and to ascertain the prices.

That same firm inform me that since the *Portland* came down with her load of Klondike gold they have outfitted some three hundred and fifty men. I had no idea so complete an outfit could be had here. Everything in the way of clothing and supplies is to be bought at a fair price both here and at Vancouver. A miner intending to go to Klondike has the alternative either of buying on the American side and paying duty, or of buying here. Government has been established, and I am assured by the collector of this port, Mr. Milne, that should miners prefer to bring their outfits across the line they will be accorded precisely the same treatment at Dawson or Tagish Lake as in Victoria or Montreal. "There is but one law for every part of the Dominion of Canada. We do not want to be severely strict with the miners, but you know how much easier it is to relax than to tighten." And I can say that there is no harassing of those who cross the line with their ordinary personal effects to buy their supplies and miners' outfit here. It is going hard with those American cities which have hitherto had the whole business of outfitting, but it should be borne in mind the next news may be of bigger finds on American soil. Events are moving in such rapid succession that it is simply bewildering, and one rubs one's eyes to make sure that it is not all a pleasant dream. Familiar spots and even old friends have the same unreal look.

TYPES OF KLONDIKERS.
A Group representing Scotland, Ireland, and France.

What does it mean? Some men have been digging with shovels into the earth and filling large pans, and with water washing off the lighter material, leaving some heavy yellow metal which, when gathered in bags and old coats, made a load that several men could not lift. This came down from there three or four weeks ago. Now vessels and men and horses and dogs are set in violent motion in the direction whence it came. Surely, that is a strange power the yellow metal has!

No one who has not set out to get together all that a man will need for the space of ten or twelve months, so that he may call on no one else for material assistance, has any idea of the time required. The most important item on the list is good advice—take plenty of it—though experience is better than that. One does not fully comprehend the helplessness of average mankind until he meets some of these men on the streets. Scores of men here would never have gotten one inch to the northward of the town of Victoria without the help of others. Two men in three virtually are carried by the odd man. They are without practical experience; it is pitiful to see them groping, like the blind, trying to do this thing or that, having no notion of what it is to plan and to have the ends fit like a dovetail. I asked a Frenchman from Ontario how he meant to get over the pass—was he taking a horse? "Oh no; there would be some way." And yet he knew that every steamer returning brought word like this, which is from a recent private letter from Dyea to a large outfitter:

"For Heaven's sake, if you have any influence to prevent it, do not let any one come here without horses; hundreds of people will be encamped here all winter, unable to get across."

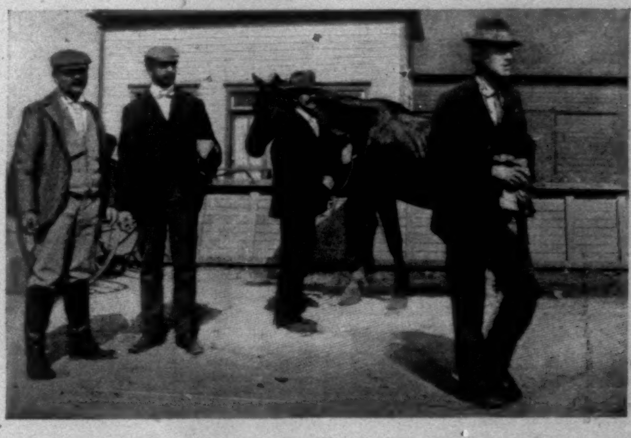
Everything should go into heavy water-proof sailors' bags, painted and made practically air-tight. These are not to be had here yet, but will be on sale in time for the spring rush. No person who travels with articles that suffer from dampness either through rains or bilge-water should be without them. My entire personal outfit (of course excepting the horses and pack-saddles) goes into sixteen of them.

Some queer outfits have gone North in the last few days. One man, evidently a person of means as well as leisure, has taken, among other things, one case of thirty-two pairs of moccasins, one case of pipes, one case of shoes, two Irish setters, a bull pup, and a lawn-tennis set. He is not a trader, but going "just for a jolly good time, you know." Another man is taking an enormous ox, and he created a sensation leading it through town with a pack-saddle on its back. He intends to eat it. Wise man! Some say we shall have to eat our horses.

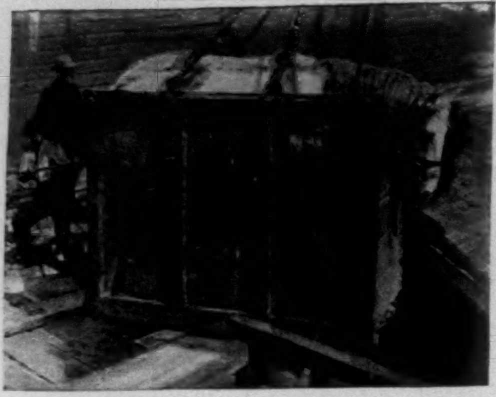
Boats of every conceivable sort are being taken up since the reports have come down that boat timber is very scarce, as well as high in price. Some of these may be all right, but some that are shown here—well, maybe they are the kind a man packed over at a cost of ninety dollars, only to find that he could have bought the timber there for half.

I had built to order, from plans that I drew, a lumberman's bateau twenty-three feet long, five feet beam, eighteen inches width on the bottom, five and a half feet overhang in front, and four feet at the stern, the bottom being of three-quarter-inch cedar, the sides of five-eighth and one-half inch stuff. It is, in fact, an extreme type of dory, a perfect rough-water boat, its flaring sides preventing the boarding of waves, its narrow bottom enabling it to pass through a narrow channel. It is easily handled with either

SUPPLIES WAITING AT VICTORIA TO BE LOADED FOR KLONDIKE.



SOME KLONDIKERS AND A HORSE-DEALER ON THE DOCK AT VICTORIA.



HOISTING A PACK-HORSE ABOARD A STEAMER AT VICTORIA FOR DYEA.

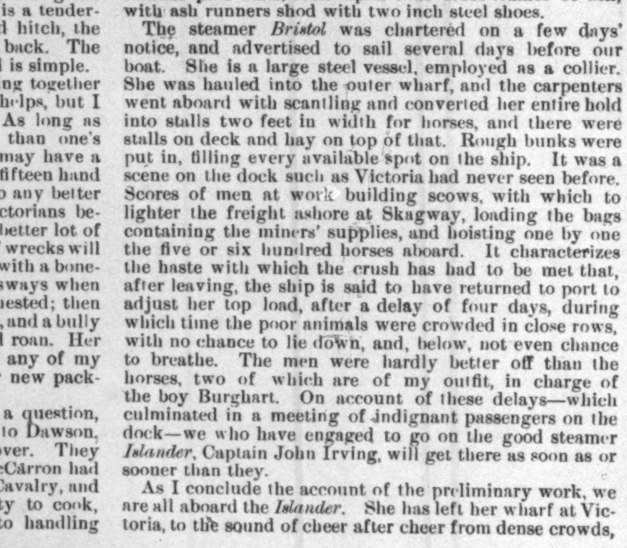
pole, paddles, or oars. It is so constructed that the sheer strake may be removed, converting it into a canoe, or it can be built up for a heavier load. I have calculated that one ton will sink it a foot. Its actual load will be much less. But reports are discouraging about boats. The trails up the mountains are reported so narrow and tortuous that long pieces cannot be carried over. In that case I can cut the boat into sections. It may never get over. Hundreds of boats are said to be left behind. News is contradictory, when to be had at all. It is unsafe to leave any precaution untaken. The same rule applies to horses. No one here for a moment says I have too many, though I have more for the amount to be carried than any other outfit that has left Victoria thus far.

The moment I could get accounts at all authentic from the coast papers it was evident that the hope of getting over *viâ* Chilkoot was slight. White Pass, leading up the Skagway by a much easier trail, had just been opened to the summit. It was not known that horses could get all the way. But it is now shown that White Pass is *the* trail for horses, though Chilkoot can profitably take them as far as the steep incline, over which no horse can go. Dyea, at the beginning of the Chilkoot trail, is but four miles from Skagway, and though booked for Dyea, my stuff will go off at Skagway.

The horses that are being brought into Victoria, alleged to be pack-horses, amuse every one greatly. Such ambulating bone-yards, the infirm and decrepit, those afflicted with spavins, the spring-halt, and with ribs like the sides of a whiskey-cask and hips to hang hats on! With their drooping heads and listless tails, they are pictures of misery. Yet they are being bought to pack over the hardest kind of trail. Why, some of them at the Hudson Bay Company's wharf look as if a good feed of oats would either break their backs or make them sag beyond remedy, while their legs seem barely able to support their bodies. They are brought in from all quarters. They have till now been without value or price. Twenty-five dollars up is the invariable price asked, and it is ludicrous to see some of their owners, who would have fainted in their tracks at the sight of five dollars, now, when you ask the price, shift about, swallow once or twice, and say "Twenty-five dollars." "Thirty dollars" means that the owner has a pretty fair horse, probably an old packer; but "twenty-five" dollars now in Victoria means that much clear profit, and they have plenty of takers. The pack saddles are bought for from five to six dollars, without lash-ropes, but with the extra cinch. In front of the saddlery stores groups of intending miners watch some old-timer explaining the mysteries of the "diamond" hitch. A man is a tenderfoot out here until he can throw the diamond hitch, the only hitch that will hold a load on the horse's back. The squaw hitch, however, does for side packs, and is simple.

It is rare amusement to a tenderfoot getting together a pack-train. A little knowledge of horses helps, but I suppose one should not expect too much. As long as one's pack-train looks positively no worse than one's neighbor's he does not mind. Although he may have a spotted cayuse as big as a sheep alongside a fifteen hand rawboned roan mare, no one is expected to do any better with the time and material at command. Victorians believe that next spring there will be a wholly better lot of horses; they do not believe the present supply of wrecks will last any longer. My packers consist of a black with a bone-spavin which causes him to throw his leg crossways when he trots; his mate is a small bay pony, narrow-chested; then there is a white-faced "pinto," a large roan mare, and a bully little packer nearly two feet lower than the old roan. Her name is Nelly, the only name I could get of any of my horses. They make a brave show with their new pack-saddles and coils of new lash-ropes.

How to handle this formidable outfit was a question, until I ran afoul of two fellows bound also to Dawson. I met them and sized them up on the train over. They were with a contingent from Detroit. Jim McCarron had been a trooper in the Seventh United States Cavalry, and young Burghart was travelling on his ability to cook, being a professional baker. Jim was used to handling horses, though he did not pretend to know how to pack any more than I did.



LOADING FREIGHT FOR THE KLONDIKE AT VICTORIA.

Burghart did claim he could bake bread. I asked him if he thought we were going to live on nothing but bread. These two men were each intending to take but one horse. These they bought in Victoria. Then we joined forces for Klondike on the following conditions: they were to take entire charge of my horses, and were to undertake to put my whole outfit across the pass. Then, while I put together my boat, and another for them, they would pack the eight horses for their own outfit.

In the way of food-supplies, the dealers here have long lists of canned goods, from which all tastes can be suited. But it is best to stick as closely as possible to the merest essentials. Lumbermen know what a man can live and grow fat on out-of-doors, and so does the United States army. There is something about pork, flour, beans, and tea that makes it easy to add the rest. As to clothing, rubber hip-boots and an oil-skin coat are necessary. For the long cold winter, misapprehension exists. Those best qualified to express an opinion say there is nothing better than a deer-skin coat with hood. The essentials are lightness as well as warmth, especially when travelling. Afterwards one should have a fur robe; a bag is preferred. Arctic hare is best, but very expensive; lynx is said to be next best. I was fortunate indeed to pick up even a marmot-skin robe, nine feet long and six wide, lined with a blanket. If a deer-skin coat is not to be procured, one can get the regulation Hudson Bay Company's blanket-coat, or capote, reaching to the knees. The rest of the suit includes a knit toque, a woollen sash of bright colors; leather mittens lined with wool; arctic oversocks over thick boots, or else "duffle" socks inside of moose-hide moccasins.

A small two-and-a-half point knap blanket, blue or white, may be procured, and this may be cut in squares, two of which may serve as leggings in absence of oversocks, being folded around and tied around the leg below the knee and above the foot. The other squares are wrapped loosely around the foot, or else shaped into socks, the work being done by Indian squaws; hence the name, "Siwash" socks. The foot-gear must be loose and plentiful. A miner lately returned from three years on the Yukon told me he kept one large sack for nothing but foot-gear.

On the advice of Inspector Harper of the Northwestern Mounted Police, who is taking twenty men to Dawson, I added two suits of fine Balbriggan underwear to be worn underneath the woollens, and a shirt of buckskin. A cap of lynx or other light fur could not be procured. He also advised the use of loose lisle gloves inside the mittens, which enables the hand to be comfortably withdrawn from the mitten in very cold weather. For rough work, as handling a raft or using tools, a stouter glove of buckskin, very loose, would wear better. As regards the loose glove, this agrees with Caspar Whitney's experience in the extreme north of Canada, or the Barren Grounds east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River, in winter. Most people buy the complete lumberman's Mackinaw suit, of vest and trousers, to which may be added a heavy Mackinaw shirt, with high collar. The gayer patterns seen in the Eastern lumber-camps are seldom sold here.

Many are taking in sleds and dogs. Some splendid St. Bernards are going up. Dogs are expensive. None suitable can be had here at any price, while those for the use of the Mounted Police, brought from eastward, cost nearly as much expressage as a horse would cost to buy. The sleds or sleighs, to one who is accustomed to the Indian toboggan, whether the flat upturned board or the New Brunswick kind with cedar sides and beech shoes, seem needlessly heavy. They are seven feet long, about sixteen inches wide, with a height of six inches. The bow is slightly upturned, and the top, of four longitudinal pine slats, rests upon four cross-frames of ash, with ash runners shod with two inch steel shoes.

PACK-HORSE AND SLEDGE-DOG AT VICTORIA WAITING TO BOARD THE STEAMER FOR DYEA.

The steamer *Bristol* was chartered on a few days' notice, and advertised to sail several days before our boat. She is a large steel vessel, employed as a collier. She was hauled into the outer wharf, and the carpenters went aboard with scantling and converted her entire hold into stalls two feet in width for horses, and there were stalls on deck and hay on top of that. Rough bunks were put in, filling every available spot on the ship. It was a scene on the dock such as Victoria had never seen before. Scores of men at work building scows, with which to lighter the freight ashore at Skagway, loading the bags containing the miners' supplies, and hoisting one by one the five or six hundred horses aboard. It characterizes the haste with which the crush has had to be met that, after leaving, the ship is said to have returned to port to adjust her top load, after a delay of four days, during which time the poor animals were crowded in close rows, with no chance to lie down, and, below, not even chance to breathe. The men were hardly better off than the horses, two of which are of my outfit, in charge of the boy Burghart. On account of these delays—which culminated in a meeting of indignant passengers on the dock—we who have engaged to go on the good steamer *Islander*, Captain John Irving, will get there as soon as or sooner than they.

As I conclude the account of the preliminary work, we are all aboard the *Islander*. She has left her wharf at Victoria, to the sound of cheer after cheer from dense crowds, which have taken possession of every vantage-ground. The stalwart forms of the Mounted Police, truly a magnificent looking body of men, take the crowd, and cheer after cheer go up for them. There are no more lusty shouts than those given by thirty-six small boys perched in a row on the ridge-pole of the wharf overlooking the water. "Three cheers for the Mounted Police!" and "Three cheers for Klondike!"

There are sad faces aboard, and a tear moistens the eye of more than one hardened miner who is leaving wife and family behind. But we were glad because of the cheering crowd, for, as Jim remarks, it would seem pretty blue if there had been nobody here.

THE PRESENT ROUTES.

1. *Viâ St. Michael.* This is the easiest, and all who cannot rough it should go this way.

2. *Viâ Lynn Canal.* Two trails—viz., (*a*) *The Chilkoot trail.* From Dyea, at the head of Lynn Canal, the trail starts over Chilkoot. This is the oldest route. It is most easily made in spring, when sleds can be used over the snow. In summer horses can be used advantageously to the foot of the famous forty-five-degree slope.

(*b*) *The White Pass Trail.* Within two weeks a trail has been opened by a lower pass from Skagway Bay up the canyon sixteen miles to the east, thence to Tagish Lake, where the Canadian customs officers are located. This trail is available for horses all the way, and is not much further than *viâ* Chilkoot. It has been reported bad in places, on account of rains; nevertheless, it is the best, while even if it has not been improved by corduroy in parts (as is reported) it will be rendered passable for the spring rush.

3. *The Stickeen Trail.* I was advised by several persons that as soon as it becomes available this is the best route. The trail, concerning the location of which the several new maps are at variance, leads from Telegraph on the Stickeen River, which must be ascended in boats. The last boat up is chartered by private parties, consequently it is not available this year; but the trail is over a rolling grassy country, 150 miles to Teslin Lake. As soon as more boats are built for the Stickeen it should be a favorite route; it puts one around all the bad rapids but one—Five-Finger Rapids.

4. *The Taku River Trail* from Juneau is practically the same as the last, but is not opened.

5. *The Trail viâ Edmonton.* This is the route taken by the Hudson Bay Company's men. It follows the Peace River eventually into the Mackenzie, and thence there is a carry of about seventy miles to the waters of Porcupine River. According to the Hudson Bay Factor at Winnipeg, this route is only available at present during the last two weeks of June and the first two weeks in July. The route is down the Porcupine to its junction with the Yukon. But this is 300 miles below Dawson, with a stiff current against one. The intention is to turn to the southward, and, by a trail to be cut of not over 125 miles, to strike the head-waters of Klondike.

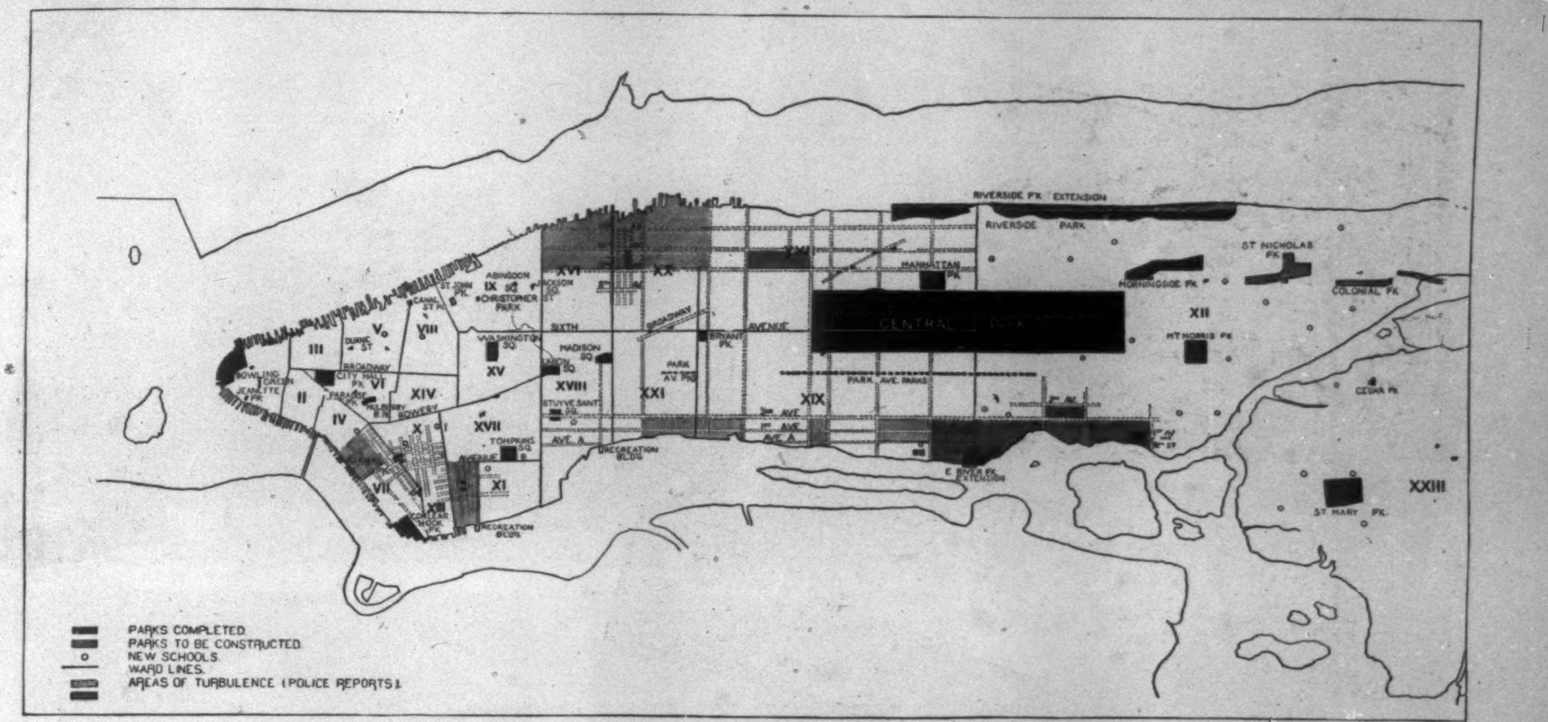
6. *The Dalton Trail.* This trail is at present known only by the trader Dalton. It is said he does not encourage exploration. It leads north from near Lynn Canal, near Five-Finger Rapids, near mouth of Pelly River. One man started in with a herd of cattle, and it is said Dalton came up with a gun and thought there might be some other trail over better for the cattle, and he helped the man look for one. The reason for this is not known. One man is said to have reported that Dalton did a little illicit trading with the Indians, and Dalton hit him over the head with his revolver.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

A GREAT CAMP OF ARCTIC GOLD-HUNTERS.

THERE is no good landing at Dyea; everything must be taken off the steamers in flat-bottomed scows, and landed at low tide on the rocky shore. The tide comes in at Dyea as it does in the Bay of Fundy, the water rushing in swiftly, and reaching a height of twenty-five feet. Most of those who have been landed there this summer have had their outfits damaged by water, and not a few have lost part of their possessions by the sudden rush of the returning flood-tide before they could laboriously carry their goods above high-water mark.

Skagway is only four miles from Dyea, but it can be reached solely by water, as a high mountain-side that runs clear down to the sea separates the two. Skagway has a good landing-place, and as it is the starting-point for the White Pass trail, it has become the headquarters of the miners who are swarming in by every steamer. At last accounts Skagway had 3500 people, and the town was laid out in regular streets, lined on each side with the



MAP SHOWING THE EXISTING AND PROPOSED PARKS OF NEW YORK CITY.

tents of traders and prospectors. Good order has been maintained, for the miners will permit no theft or other crime, and the lawless element is held in check by the knowledge that Judge Lynch's decrees are swift and sure. One of the remarkable recent incidents at Skagway is the formation of a miners' executive committee, which forced all the able-bodied men in camp to go out on the trail and put it into proper condition. With an army of nearly three thousand men, it was estimated that three days would suffice to widen and make passable for horses the rocky parts of the trail, and to build a good corduroy-road over eight miles of swampy ground. With this trail put in such condition that a pack-horse can go over it to Lake Lindeman, thirty miles from Skagway, most of the men now at tide-water ought to reach the Yukon before winter sets in.

SMALL PARKS AND PUBLIC-SCHOOL PLAY-GROUNDS.

NEW YORK'S children are at last to have a chance to play. Through his play, says Fröbel, the child first begins "to perceive moral relations." As he sees the world about him, he reproduces it in his play. His world, his play-ground, has heretofore been set between gutters in New York, and as he grew up he faithfully reproduced the gutter in our municipal life. As the twig is bent it grows. The early impressions are notoriously the most lasting. New York has had its kindergarten lesson, and has paid for it. It has cost a good deal, but not too much if the lesson has been fairly learned. The signs seem to show that it has.

"Everything takes ten years," said Abram S. Hewitt at the first session of the Advisory Committee on Small Parks, of which he is the chairman. It was when he was Mayor, and through his active championship, that the small parks law was passed, authorizing the construction of parks for the people where the need was indicated by the congestion of the population below 155th Street. The need was there, but we had not yet learned the lesson of the gutter. The first and for a long time the only park that was laid out under the act aimed at getting rid of a bad tenement block rather than at giving the children a chance. The Mulberry Bend slum had become too bad to be borne, and it was wiped out. It was only in the going that we saw the full bearings of it. By that time our eyes had been opened. "It is your park, boys and girls," said the president of the Park Board at the formal opening this summer, and the square rang with their cheers. I fancy he was rather surprised; he had come to speak to their elders. It was the awakening. The ten years' apprenticeship was ended. There sat there a commission, appointed by Mayor Strong, and with Mr. Hewitt at its head, to make the most out of the law that gave a million dollars a year for breathing-spaces for the people.

The very first thing the commission did was to declare the point of view of the children its own. Already a special act, passed at the instance of the Gilder Tenement-House Committee of two years before, which provided for the laying out of two small parks in the most densely peopled tenement district on the East Side, had directed that they be in part finished as play-grounds; and another act, emanating from the same source, ordained that no public school-house should be erected henceforth in New York without an open-air play-ground; but as yet there was neither small park nor school play-ground. Condemnation proceedings were on foot to secure the first, and were hastened by the active assistance of the Good Government clubs, so that the work of demolishing the five blocks of property embraced in the two parks is now nearly finished. The school play-ground law had proved a source of perplexity, and its execution had been delayed. The size of the play-ground was not fixed. It had, of course, to be big enough for real play, or it would not be a play-ground, and the minimum of thirty square feet per pupil, which they have settled upon in England, seemed little enough. But it is hardly adhered to there, and in New York, where there are often two thousand children, and sometimes three thousand, in one school, that was out of the question. A full-sized baseball-field would have to go with each school, and in the crowded districts, where play-grounds are most needed, that would be impossible. In this perplexity the school-builders had turned to the roof of the school-house as offering a solution. Undeniably there was fresh air up there. Roof gardens were everywhere coming into favor. Why not roof play-grounds as well? They had been tried, and with success.

The committee on small parks had been busy with its preliminary labors of inquiry. It had had a large map prepared, showing the location of existing parks, and of those provided for under the Small Parks Act or by special legislation. It had secured through the police authorities reports of the precinct captains as to what ailed the districts where there was trouble with the young, where gangs fought with the police or with one another, and made things unpleasant generally. They were mighty instructive reports. While not always willing to own the gang, the police had never any doubt as to what started it, or how it was to be got rid of. "They have no other play-ground than the street," was the verdict from the tenement neighborhoods everywhere, "so they smash lamps and break windows. The storekeepers are annoyed." "Many complaints are received daily of boys annoying pedestrians, storekeepers, and tenants by their continually playing baseball in some part of most every street," reported the captain of the Twenty-seventh Precinct, on the uptown east side, where the population is crowding more and more every year. "The damage is not slight; arrests are frequent—much more frequent than when they had open lots to play in. These lots are now built upon, and for every new house there are more boys and less chance for them to play." Out of such conditions, with their inevitable irritation and gnawing sense of injury in the boy—who is arrested for the wrong done him, not done by him, as he well knows—grows the "tough," whose chief ambition it is, when he gets big enough, to fight the policeman who stands for the perverted social order. Where the wrong had been undone there was even less doubt about it. "The Hook gang is gone," reported the captain of the Twelfth Precinct. "It has disappeared since the establishment of the Corlears Hook Park." Of the Mulberry Bend Park: "The whole neighborhood has taken a change, and decidedly for the better," and so on. More significant than all, from Tompkins Square came the report, "The neighbors are a quiet and orderly people." There were few of the members of the commission who did not remember the day when Tompkins Square was the most turbulent storm-centre in the city, given over to rioting and disorder on the least provocation. That was in the days before it became a park. Since then the police have not had to take it by storm once.

These police reports were recorded on the map—the areas of more pronounced turbulence in red; the merely aspiring, where as yet it was all about ball-playing, in gray. Then a list of the new schools for which sites have been chosen by the Board of Education was obtained, and they were marked down on the map too. The moment that was done it became clear that the school was the way out. Where the need of play-grounds was indicated schools were planned or being built. Naturally so; they were there because the children were there. Down in the congested district between the Hook and the Bowery, where the two small parks are under way, and where the police had marked out three distinct storm-centres, nine great new schools were or would shortly be going up; and strung along the edge of the ball-playing region in the Twenty-seventh Precinct were seven, all of them with play-grounds on roof or surface. What need of looking further? There seemed to be no sense in prospecting for play-ground sites, with these already picked out. The thing that was wanted was to secure their general use to the public. Schools are in session only five days in the week. During the idle evening hours, when the boy whom the tenement home repels is being made into a "tough" by the street, and in the long hot summer months, the schools are closed—a sad waste of good room at all times, but, if play-grounds were concerned, positively wicked.

The commission laid before the Board of Education the proposition that the future open-air school play-ground should be the general neighborhood recreation-ground out of school-hours. If on the roof, it might be turned into a great roof garden, where father and mother could go with the children after supper. There might be a band in the evening hours. Why should there not? They have one in the roof garden on the Hebrew Institute, and I doubt if any concert of the Philharmonic was ever more thoroughly appreciated than that amateur band by the tired toilers on the East Broadway roof, or did the listeners, young and old, more real good. It is not a slight thing to put into those weary lives a touch of the beauty and grace they have never known, for hope comes with them. It must have been that thought that inspired the pencil of the architect who drew the plan of the 109th Street school, with the two ground-floor play-grounds—the letter H plan. In fact, I know it was. It will be the handsomest school in New York. And why should not a school be handsome, and help educate the eye and the mind in its own way, as the teacher does in his? The love of beauty and beautiful things is born in children, even in the slums, and the hunger for it dies only with their youth. Perhaps some day we shall see that we starved something we little suspected when we forgot to feed it, and left only the baser elements to grow, with their affinity for the base things of life. If the city cannot pay for a band in the roof garden, doubtless there are those who both can and will. But, band or no band, the roof garden is the thing, or the surface garden where that is best. With the name I do not mean to imply a park or a hot-house. A play-ground is a play-ground, and a park a park. The two things are to be kept apart. The children are to be considered first and last; but a hedge or a vine would do no harm, and might justify the name. I know of a back yard in this city that has borne the name of "The King's Garden" for years, and earned it, too—independently of the fact that it belongs to the King's Daughters—by the shelter of its one vine and the human fellowship that dwells under it. That would come, I think, with the play-ground; and more would come. One cannot help the thought that the boy whose play had once become identified with the school would forget to play hookey. The street would have no further attraction for him. The truancy problem would vanish, and the city would save much money.

The Board of Education has the matter under consideration. It took to the proposition kindly, and, there is every reason to believe, will accept it upon its merits. Fifty-six great schools are planned now, and more are coming. An immense stride would have been taken toward undoing the old wrong were they all to have public neighborhood play-grounds, and I think that nothing better could happen to the schools themselves. Meanwhile the commission has taken nothing for granted. It has picked out children's play-grounds in the older, crowded quarters, where no new schools are going up, and has already secured one-half block for the purpose on Rivington Street. A mere statement of the conditions prevailing there secured this concession promptly from the Board of Street-Opening. Mayor Strong's administration has done much for New York, but nothing better than this. It will have to its credit the first municipal play-ground, and the children of coming generations will rise up and call it blessed; for, beyond a doubt, it will be the forerunner of very many to come. There is to be no park in future, small or great, without one. The play piers are a blessed fact, and all opposition to them is dead. Sand heaps are coming for the little ones, and even at home the child is to have a chance. The twenty-five-foot lot has been overcome. The model tenement of the new day substitutes a central court, with room to romp in, for the ten-foot back yard of the barrack. Colonel Waring's combination push-cart market and play-ground—business in the morning, fun in the afternoon—that promises even to yield the city a money interest on the investment, may be looked for next. It is sure to come. A new era has dawned—an era of justice to the children—a new departure, one may hope, also, in education, that shall contemplate the child's play as a legitimate part of his schooling. "Crime," said the Earl of Meath, years ago, "is in our cities largely a question of athletics." So with citizenship, good government. Until we give the child back his childhood we need not expect that he shall be easily persuaded to give his manhood suffrage to us who withheld it from him.

JACOB A. RIIS.

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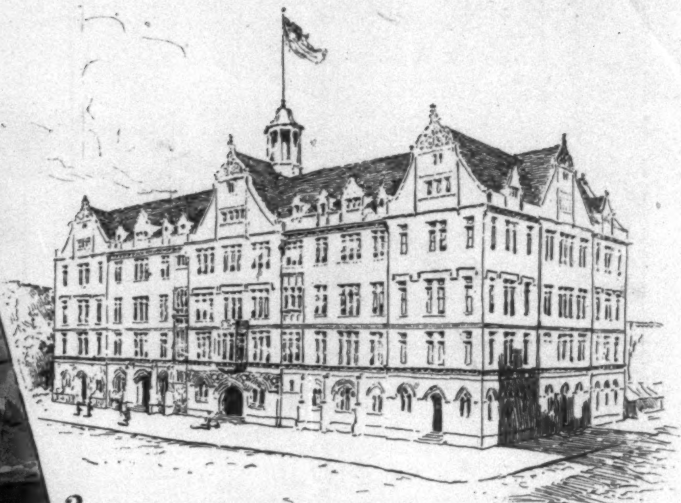

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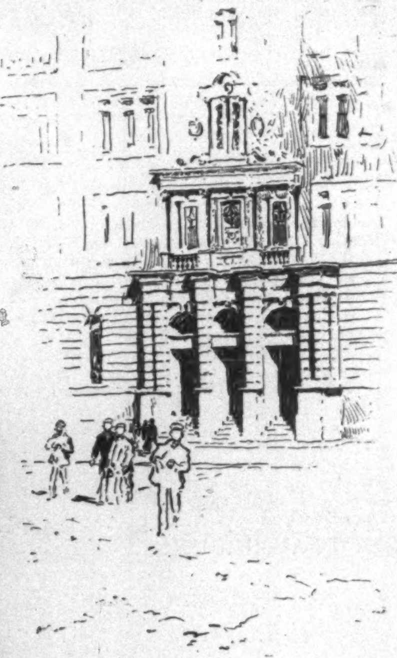

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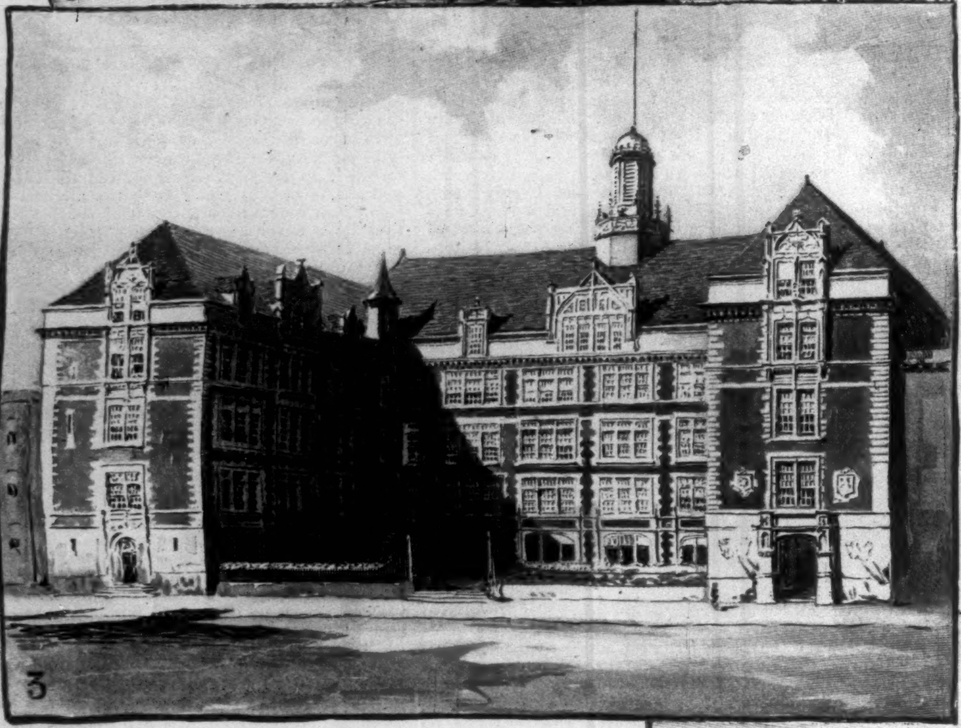

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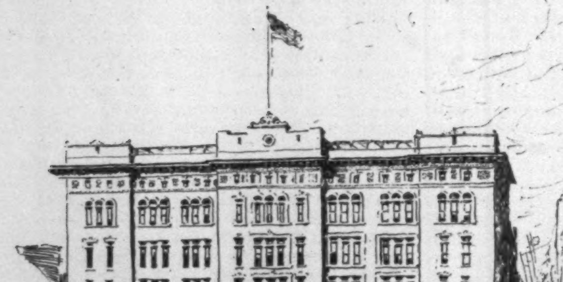

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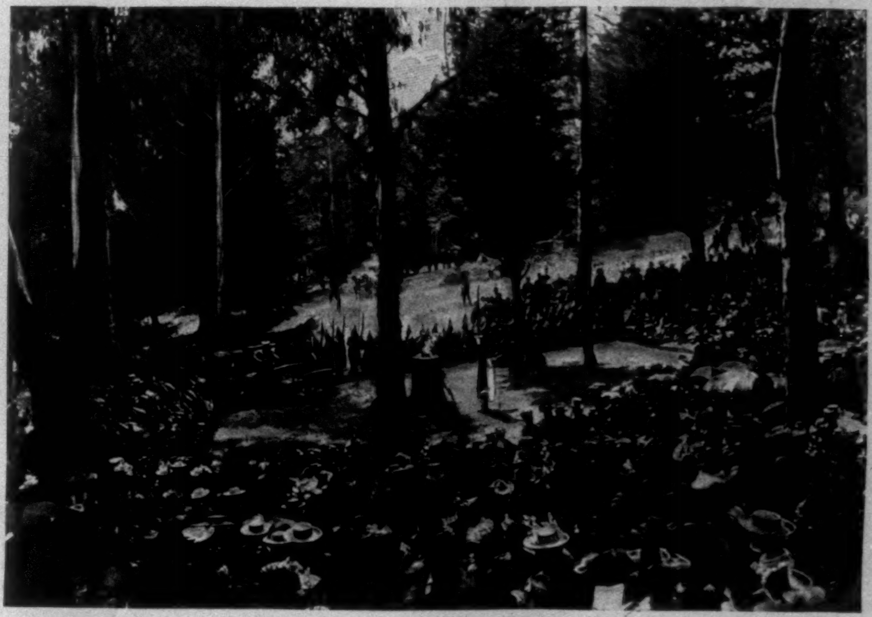
TYPICAL NEW SCHOOLS FOR NEW YORK CITY WITH OPEN-AIR PLAY-GROUNDS.—[See Page 903.]
Architect C. B. J. Snyder, Superintendent of School-Building.

Location of School.	Inside Play-Ground.	Outside Play-Ground.	Roof Play-Ground.
	Square Feet.	Square Feet.	Square Feet.
1. Grammar-School, Henry Street, between Catharine and Oliver Streets	11,229	2,928	8,639
2. Grammar-School, Southwest Corner of Suffolk and Rivington Streets	11,574	3,955	7,665
3. Grammar-School, 109th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue	13,670	18,650	..
4. Main Entrance to Grammar-School, Hester Street, between Orchard and Ludlow Streets	10,996	6,424	12,206
5. Grammar-School, Rivington Street, between Forsyth and Eldridge Streets	12,565	2,775	10,787
6. Grammar-School, East Broadway—Scammel, Henry, and Gouverneur Streets	11,014	5,040	8,348

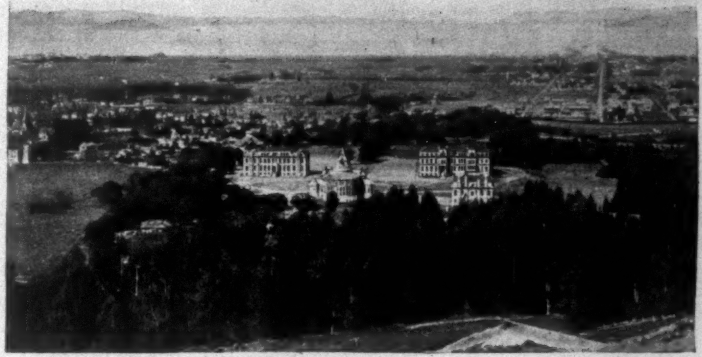
THE CONSERVATORY BUILDING.

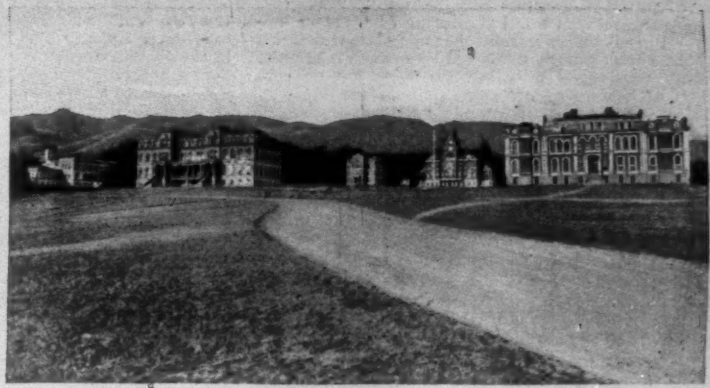
LOVERS' LANE.

IN THE PALM GARDEN.

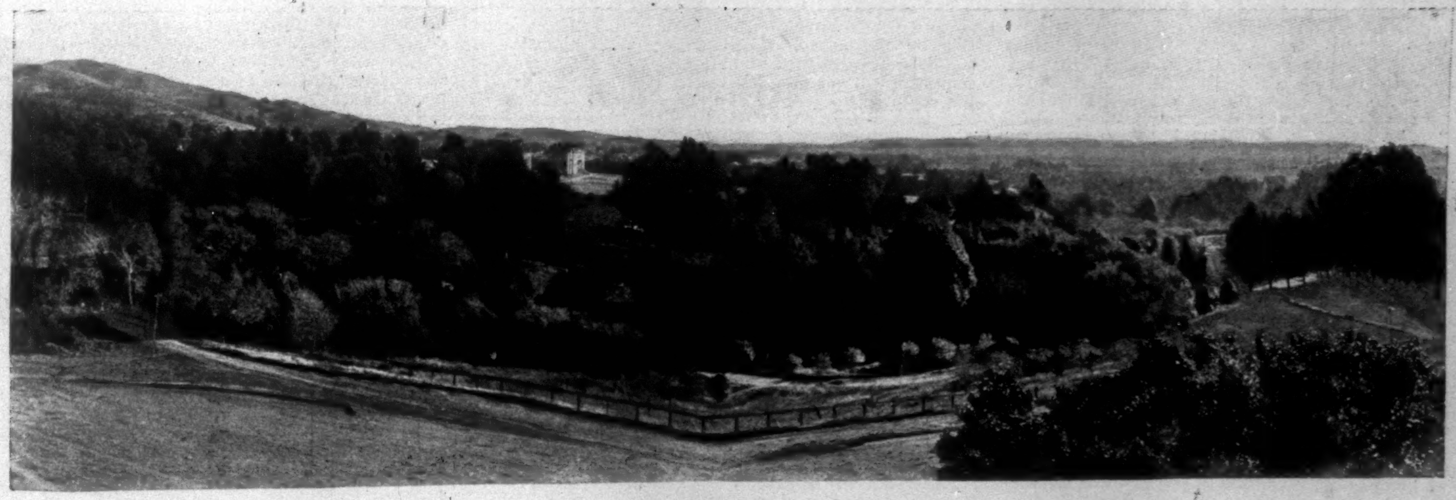


CLASS DAY IN BEN WEED'S AMPHITHEATRE.





VIEWS OF THE GROUNDS AND PRESENT BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY.



THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS, FROM THE NORTH.

A WESTERN CITY OF LEARNING—THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. V. LANGE.—[SEE PAGE 906.]

A WESTERN CITY OF LEARNING.

The University of California, whose existence was first brought to the attention of the majority of the dwellers on the Atlantic slope by the remarkable success of its track athletic team in the inter-collegiate competitions of 1895, is about to make a much higher bid for fame. It proposes to substitute for its present shabby collection of buildings a harmonious group, worthy of what one of the most eminent of American architects has called the most beautiful site on earth for the purposes of a university.

The grounds of the University of California cover 245 acres on the western slopes of the Coast Range, abruptly rising from an almost level campus to the top of a dominating hill nearly 900 feet high. Back of this the chain of foothills mounts to a height of more than 1800 feet. Looking westward, the eye ranges over shaded streets, groves, villas, and gardens to the superb Bay of San Francisco, studded with islands, and sparkling with the light of noon or chameleonlike in its changing tints under the sunset. Beyond are the bold masses of the city and the purple slopes of Tamalpais. Through the centre of the picture the Golden Gate reveals the immensity of the Pacific, and upon the farthest horizon, like the sails of distant fishing-boats, appear the rocky islets of the Farallones, invisible from the Cliff House in San Francisco, but plainly perceptible from this commanding elevation, although fifteen miles further away.

Heretofore the development of the artistic possibilities of this noble site has been hampered not only by the unfamiliarity of most of the Regents with questions of taste, but by those wretched pecuniary considerations that are the bane of almost all modern art. Although the University of California has become one of the richest institutions of the country, with resources whose capitalized value is over $8,000,000, and an annual income, not including the receipts of its professional schools in San Francisco, of about $300,000, which, with the new permanent taxes voted by the last Legislature, will be hereafter over $400,000 without tuition fees, its needs always outrun its means. It has over 150 names on the salary rolls of its literary and scientific colleges; and its students are multiplying at such a rate that they have overflowed all permanent accommodations, and made it necessary to find shelter for the surplus in tents. The University of California makes no attempt to provide homes for its students. Its buildings are devoted entirely to instruction and research; but even for those purposes the limit of elasticity has been reached, and the walls cannot be stretched nor the students compressed to make room for another entrant. Whenever a new structure has been ordered, the aim has been to secure the largest possible accommodations for the least possible money. This ideal has certainly been admirably attained. In the art of stretching a dollar to its ultimate limit the Regents have no superiors. But in their businesslike desire to make the money at their disposal go as far as possible toward satisfying the actual and pressing needs of the students they have unconsciously drifted further and further from all artistic ideals. The beautiful and harmonious architecture at Stanford has lately served to stimulate a wholesome discontent with the discord at Berkeley.

Fortunately the evils of piecemeal, hand-to-mouth construction were realized before it was too late. Mr. B. R. Maybeck, a young architect whose striking individuality is stamped upon several of the newer residences of Berkeley, is an instructor in architectural drawing in the university. Contemplating the wretched crazy quilt of discordant buildings that disfigured the beautiful site, there took form in his mind the image of an ideal university — a noble architectural harmony, in which art should blend with nature, unmarred by a single false note. His dream was one of pure beauty; there was no consideration of cost in it, any more than in the mind of Aladdin when he ordered his attendant genie to create him a palace. There was no thought of whether these buildings should surpass those of this or that other institution. The only question was how the most ideally perfect home for a university could be built on the Berkeley hills if means and time were unlimited.

There happened to be a new Regent just at this time—Mr. J. B. Reinstein, a graduate of the university, of the class of 1873. Mr. Reinstein felt, as everybody was beginning to feel, the shabbiness of the grounds and buildings at Berkeley, but, unlike most others, he set promptly to work to improve them. Mr. Maybeck's vision of an architectural ideal appealed to him at once, and he threw himself into its realization with an ardor that infected all with whom he came into contact. He induced the Regents to pass unanimously a resolution authorizing the preparation of a programme for a "permanent and comprehensive plan, to be open to general competition," to which all buildings constructed in future should conform. The work was now rapidly pushed. A tentative scheme was drawn up as a basis for discussion, and all the materials available were submitted to Professor Ware of Columbia for study and advice upon the best methods of securing the most perfect plans.

It was in April, 1896, that the Regents passed Mr. Reinstein's resolution. Six months later Mrs. Phœbe Hearst wrote to Mr. Reinstein, expressing her deep interest in his project, announcing her intention of contributing two buildings, one of them to be a memorial to her husband, the late Senator Hearst, and asking permission to pay the entire cost of the international competition for the general plan. The publication of this letter, with the facts made known in connection with it, enabled Californians to realize for the first time something of the magnitude of the good fortune in store for the university.

Meanwhile Mr. Reinstein had been diligently sounding other people of wealth, with the most surprisingly encouraging results. Instead of reluctance, he found everywhere an eager desire to give. Men who had refused to contribute a dime to the university while there was nothing visible in which a citizen could take pride, welcomed the privilege of giving fortunes when they became assured that the money would be spent in a way that would immortalize the donors. They competed with one another for the honor of paying for particular buildings. One man who was asked to contribute five hundred thousand dollars responded. "I will give the half-million when you get your plans, but I would rather give a million." The amendment was accepted. Three millionaires were rivals for permission to put up one building. The private gifts promised for beginning the work amount already to about $7,000,000. In addition the State has appropriated for ten years the proceeds of an annual tax, which will amount in that time to about $750,000. From his experience thus far, Mr. Reinstein is convinced that the rest of the money needed will come just as fast as the work can be carried on; in other words, that when the plans are ready the construction may be pushed to completion, just as if the ten or fifteen or twenty million dollars required to carry them out were already in hand. This project has revealed a degree of public spirit and generosity among rich Californians hitherto unsuspected. It recalls the days when an opulent Greek thought he could find no better use for his wealth than in adorning his native city.

Architects who have been consulted about the proposed competition have asked for particulars. "Do you want your buildings to be classical, Gothic, or Renaissance?" "What is the limit of cost?" "How do you wish the ground to be treated?" "What arrangement would you prefer?" They find it hard to realize that all these matters are to be left absolutely to the architects themselves. The problem is: Given the site at Berkeley, to construct an ideal home for a university upon it. The number and capacity of the buildings required to accommodate the different departments will be specified, and that is all. The grounds will be treated as a blank space. Nothing that has been done thus far will be taken into account at all. No attempt will be made to harmonize the new structures with the old. For once, architects will have a chance to incarnate their ideas of beauty without the necessity of cramping themselves within the sordid limitations of the dollar. The question of cost is not to enter into the competition at all. Of course this is a business age, and money will not be deliberately thrown away on decorations of gold and ivory, as it was in the Greek temples, but whatever is really needed to give beauty and majesty to the work will not be grudged. That there is nothing unduly modest about the expectations of the men who have the scheme in hand may be inferred from Mr. Reinstein's announcement to the Board of Regents: "We contemplate placing upon the noblest site on the earth the most glorious architectural pile in history; not built for a year or for a hundred years, but for all time; not to rise, like Aladdin's palace, in a night, but during the slow centuries the university is destined to last; buildings of a great State university, upon a scale commensurate with the power, the pride, and the dignity of a great and glorious State, and befitting the noblest and best purposes of the State; not built rapidly nor lavishly, but slowly yet grandly, that there may greet the commerce which shall whiten the Golden Gate and the civilization which shall grace this Western shore an architectural pile of stately and glorious buildings which shall rival the dreams of the builders of the Columbian Exposition.

The cool-blooded critic may smile at this unbounded exuberance, but it is better to have an impossible ideal than an unworthy one or none at all. People who are honestly trying to secure "the most glorious architectural pile in history" are less likely to be satisfied with a commonplace design than if they were merely trying to cover as much ground as possible for the least money.

Although the details of the programme are still unsettled, it is believed that about thirty buildings will be required, not including dormitories. It is thought that the most effective results can be secured by massing these on successive terraces, the whole crowned by an observatory on the top of the dominating hill. There is a difference of about seven hundred feet in the levels of the lowest and highest parts of the university grounds. This slope will enable an educational city to be laid out with the effect of one superb composition, visible in all its overpowering entirety. The whole mass will culminate in the observatory, as the World's Fair did in the Administration Building, but the designers of the White City, with their level site, obviously had no such opportunity as the bold upward sweep at Berkeley will give to the artist who creates the home of the new Californian university.

It is expected that the new buildings will be constructed of stone and marble, in the most solid and enduring fashion. There will be no shams or makeshifts anywhere.

The grounds will be treated as an integral part of the architectural composition. It is believed that water effects will play an important part in the scheme, as they did at the World's Fair, and here again the City of Learning at Berkeley will have a marked advantage over the White City at Chicago. Instead of being confined to fountains and still lagoons for their aquatic pictures, the designers of the new university can add cascades, shaded glens, and rushing streams. It is expected, too, that there will be broad esplanades, massive parapets, statues, and generous marble stairways joining terrace to terrace.

The details of decoration, of course, are not expected to be finished at once. Everything will be harmonious and restful from the start, but there will be great wall and ceiling spaces in the buildings, which, architecturally complete, will yet afford scope for the art of the painter for centuries to come. The decoration of these rooms will give such opportunities for distinction to promising young artists as the French painter has when he is invited to show what he can do in a hall of the Sorbonne. And the statuary needed to give the grounds and buildings their highest distinction will have to come, of course, by slow accretion.

The question remains—how are plans answering in some degree to the desires of the Californian enthusiasts to be secured? The method determined upon is that of an international competition. Many, perhaps most, American architects will protest against this idea. They will say that no architect of the first rank will enter such a competition, that the effort will be a failure, that the plans secured will be commonplace and grotesque, and that the only way to secure really good results is to retain some well-known master, on his record, and give him control of the work, as was done at Chicago. Whatever may be said for this view, it is not practical for a public enterprise in California. To satisfy both the law and public opinion there every opportunity for favoritism must be excluded by giving a fair field to all. And when American architects realize what this scheme means, how deeply in earnest its projectors are, how solid is their financial backing, and the unique opportunity to enrich America with a monument alone of its kind and at the same time to immortalize its designer, they will surely be willing to risk a little trouble without the absolute certainty of the immediate dollar to draw them on.

The idea at present in favor is this: All the architects of the world are to be invited to submit anonymous preliminary sketches in black and white, on a small scale, of the general arrangement of the buildings and grounds. These sketches are to be merely ground plans, embodying general conceptions, and ought not to require very much labor. The designs to be submitted are to be examined by a jury consisting of one recognized authority from each of the principal European countries, one from the United States, and one representing the university. Prizes will be awarded to all of the competitors who submit ideas of value. The authors of at least ten of the best sketches will take part in a second competition, for which they will be allowed to add to the jury four members of their own selection. On this trial the plans will be elaborated, and several additional prizes will be awarded. The best design of all will be adopted, and its author will receive a special prize and be given the right to furnish detailed plans for all the buildings to be erected, let us say within twenty-five years, and to superintend their construction. To aid the competitors in understanding the nature of the site, contour maps, casts, and photographs of the grounds, of the most complete and elaborate description will be placed on exhibition in certain principal centres in Europe and America, at which, also, all needed information can be obtained.

An advisory board of decorative artists, sculptors, and landscape architects will be created to watch over the harmony of the grounds, buildings, and decorations. Professor Gaudet of the Beaux-Arts, in Paris, is engaged in drawing up the formal "programme" containing the data required for the information of the competing architects, and it will probably be completed within a few weeks. The men who have this project in hand are thoroughly in earnest. They are determined that the sins against art committed by our national, State, and municipal governments in almost every public building they construct shall not be repeated here. They desire to place at the Western portal of the continent a creation that shall visibly embody the majesty of a State imperial in its resources, and soon to match the greatest empires of the world in population, wealth, and culture. There is to be no narrow spirit of parish self-sufficiency, no preference for second-rate Californian talent over first-rate talent with some other domicile. The best work that can be found in the world is wanted, and the architects of the world are freely invited to compete on equal terms, under conditions that assure them of a fair judgment of their work on its merits.

A few years ago such a scheme as that upon which the university is now embarking would have seemed presumptuous. No other educational institute in the country has had such a rapid growth in the past five years as this one. In 1891 the University of California had 777 students; now it has nearly 2400, with about 300 persons on its teaching-staff. It has fairly burst its old shell, and its effort to procure a new one is a matter of compulsion. Its friends realize, of course, that buildings alone do not make a university; but they already have a solid foundation for the true scholastic fabric, and with a stately material home, they expect to build still nobler palaces of intellect.

The first question an American asks about any proposed work is, "What will it cost?" Californians are not exempt from this idiosyncrasy, but in the present case the question of cost has been carefully excluded from consideration. It has been estimated, not officially, but purely as a matter of private curiosity, that such buildings as it is decided to procure could probably be obtained for about fourteen or fifteen million dollars. But the competing architects are under no obligation whatever to keep within that or any other figure. Results are what is sought, and cost does not enter into consideration.

No university in the world has ever had such a magnificent *ensemble* of buildings as it is hoped to create at Berkeley. There is a noble harmony at Stanford; but its scale is comparatively meagre as yet, and it can never have such an effect as that of the coming city on the Alameda hills. The new Columbia will have an imposing group of buildings; but it rubs elbows with other institutions, as well as with private houses, and there can be no such overpowering *coup d'œil* as will be presented when the new University of California rises, terrace above terrace, with the gilded dome of its lofty observatory shining over all. Oxford has its stately old quadrangles; but they have grown up through the centuries with no idea, and indeed with no possibility, of forming a general picture of the whole.

Mr. Reinstein's idea is that provision for about 5000 students would be a reasonable limit for the central institution, and experience indicates that this number may be reached very soon — perhaps within ten years. After that branches might be established, or the standard might be raised to regulate the number of admissions, or perhaps in time the instruction at Berkeley might be confined entirely to graduate courses. The university long ago outgrew the idea of localization in a single neighborhood. It is at home now wherever the laws of California are obeyed. It has its schools of art, law, medicine, dentistry, veterinary science, and pharmacy in San Francisco, where it is about to add a technical school; its great Lick Observatory is on Mount Hamilton, seventy miles away; and it has forestry and agricultural experiment stations scattered up and down the State for a distance of six hundred miles. It is absorbing one department after another of the State's scientific work. It has secured practical control of the entire system of secondary education in California, which it has brought up in a few years from a state of chaos to a general level of efficiency unequalled in some respects in the Union; and it is steadily extending its influence in the field of primary education. It is no extravagant dream, but merely a reasonable expectation, to look forward to the time in the near future when the university of California, with branches in every section of the State, all working to a common end under a single wise control, shall educate scores of thousands of students in its own halls, and shall secure to every child, from the kindergarten upward, the best training that the age is capable of giving. In that time, with the entire educational system of a mighty State co-ordinated into one harmonious organism, the palaces of the new city of Learning on the Berkeley hills will be the fitting crown of the whole—the visible symbol of the sovereignty of mind.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XII.

MITSOS stopped in Tripolitza two days, and, before he left, Yanni was taking rather a more cheerful view of his prospects. He was evidently going to be treated as well as possible; he had only to ask for a thing and he had it; it was only not allowed him to set foot outside the house and garden. About his ultimate safety he had not the smallest doubt. Mitsos had examined the wall again, and declared confidently that he would not find the slightest difficulty in getting in, and that a bit of rope would make his exit equally easy. The Turk who was Yanni's keeper was the only other occupant of that part of the house, the story below being kitchens and washing-places, not tenanted at night. "And for the Turk," said Yanni, "we will make arrangements." In the mean time he announced his intention of being a model of discretion and peacefulness, so that no suspicion might be roused.

Mitsos was to start on the third day, and it was only just light when he came into Yanni's room equipped for going. Yanni had told Mehemet Salik that his father could not spare his servant longer, and that he was to go home at once. Mehemet had very courteously offered to put another Turkish servant at his disposal—a proposition which Yanni refused with some confusion, as it would mean another in that block of building.

"And, oh, Mitsos," said Yanni, "come for me as quick as may be. I shall weary for a sight of you. Dear cousin, we have had good days together, and may we have more soon, for I have a great love for you."

Mitsos kissed him.

"Yes, Yanni," he said; "as soon as I may come I will, and nothing, not Suleima herself, shall make me tarry for an hour till you are out again."

"Ah, you have Suleima," said Yanni; "but for me, Mitsos, there is none like you. So good-by, cousin. Forget me not, but come quickly."

And so Mitsos swore the oath of the clan to him that neither man, woman, nor child, nor riches nor honor, should make him tarry as soon as it was possible for him to come again, and gave him his hand on it, and then went down to saddle his pony with a blithe heavy-heartedness about him; for on one side he was leaving an excellent good comrade, but on the other was Suleima.

All day he travelled; and the moon, which rose about midnight, showed him the bay just beneath him, all smooth and ashine with light. He had taken a more roundabout path so as to avoid passing through Argos at night, and half an hour's more riding brought him down to the head of the little beach which his heart sang aloud to see. A little breeze whistled among the rushes and set tiny razor-edged ripples rolling on the pebbles, and sweet was the well-remembered freshness of the sea, and sweet, with how exquisite a spice of bitterness, the remembrance of one night three weeks ago. Then on again down the narrow path where blackthorn and olive brushed him as he passed, by the great white house with the sea-wall he knew, and into the road just opposite his father's house. The dog rushed out from the veranda, intent on slaughter of this midnight intruder; but at Mitsos's whispered word he jumped up, fawning on his hand, and in a couple of minutes more Nicholas, who was a light sleeper and had been awakened by the bark, unfastened the door.

"Mitsos—is it Mitsos?" said the well-known voice.

"Yes, Uncle Nicholas," he said; "I have come back."

Mitsos slept late the next morning; and Nicholas, though he waited impatiently enough for his waking, let him have his sleep out; for though he despised the necessities of life, such as eating and drinking, he had the utmost respect for the simpler luxuries, such as sleeping enough and washing, and it was not till after nine that Mitsos stirred and awoke, with a great lazy strength lying in him. Nicholas had had the great wooden tub filled for his bath, and while he dressed made him coffee and boiled his eggs; for times had gone hard with Constantine Codones, and he could no longer keep a servant. And as soon as Mitsos had finished breakfast, Nicholas and he fell to talk.

First Mitsos described his adventure, down to his parting with Yanni, and the man of few words spoke not till he had finished. Then he said—and his words were milk and honey to the boy:

"It could not have been better done, little Mitsos. Now for Petrobey's letter."

He read it out to Mitsos.

"'Dear Cousin,'" it ran,—"'This will Mitsos bring you, and I desire no better messenger. He will tell you what he has been doing, and I could hear that story many times without being tired. Yanni, poor lad, is kennelled in Tripoli, and in this matter some precision will be needed, for now we are already being rung to the feast'—Petrobey will not stick to home-brewed words," remarked Nicholas—"'and my poor lad must remain in Tripoli till the nick of the moment. Once he is safe out, we will fall to, and he must not be out till the last possible moment. Oh, Nicholas, be very careful and tender for the boy. Again, the meeting of primates is summoned for early in March. Moles and owls may not see what this means. Some excuse must be found so that they go not. Therefore, cousin, lay hands on that weaving brain of yours until it answers wisely'—What a riddling fellow this is!" growled Nicholas—"'and talk with Germanos through the mouth of Mitsos. A further news for you: The monks of Ithome have turned warmly to their countrymen, and they from Megaspélaion had better keep to their own country and outbreak at the same time as we in the south; so shall then be the greater confusion, and from the north as well as the south will the dogs run into Tripoli. Some signal will be needed, so that on the day that we rise in the south they too may make trouble in the north—something of the beacon sort, I should say.'"

Here Petrobey's epistolary style broke down, and he finished in good colloquial Greek:

"'Oh, cousin, but a feast-day is coming, and there will be a yelp and a howl from Kalamata to Patras. By God! I'd have given fifty gallons of wine to see that barbarian nephew of yours throw Krinos under the millstone. I think Mitsos can tell you all else. Come here yourself as soon as you safely may. The Mother of God and your name-saint protect you.—PETROS MAVROMICHALES. Tell Mitsos about the devil-ships. There will not be much time afterwards.'"

Nicholas thumped the letter as it lay on the table.

"Now, Mitsos," he said, "tell me all that we have to do. Yes, fill a pipe, and give yourself a few minutes to think."

Mitsos smoked in silence a few moments, and then turned to Nicholas.

"This is it," he said. "First of all I go to Patras—no, first I shall go to Megaspélaion to tell the monks that they will be wanted in the north and not the south, and arrange some signals so that we from Taygetus or Panitza can communicate with them. Then I go to Patras bearing some message from you to Germanos, whereby he shall excuse himself from going to Tripoli with all the primates, for that is a trap to get them into the power of the Turk. Then there is some business about devil-ships which I do not understand, and at the last I have to get Yanni safely out of Tripoli. But before that, I understand, you will have gone to my cousin Petrobey."

Nicholas nodded approvingly.

"You have a clear head for so large a boy," he said, "though apparently you are not so deep as Yanni. Now, what we have to do, now this moment, is to invent some excuse whereby Germanos and the primates will not be able to obey Mehemet Salik when he summons them to Tripoli. Oh, Mitsos, but it is a wise man's thoughts that we want."

Mitsos knitted his forehead.

"Can't they go there and then escape, as Yanni is to do?" he said, precipitately.

Nicholas shook his head in reproof.

"Fifty cassocked primates climbing over a town wall! Mitsos, you are but a fool."

Mitsos laughed.

"So Yanni often told me," he said. "I'm afraid it's true."

"Try and be a little sensible. Think of all the impossible ways of doing it, and then see what is left, for that will be the right way. Now, first they must either refuse to go point-blank or seem to be obeying. Certainly they must not refuse to go, so that leaves us with them seeming to obey."

"Well, they mightn't get there," said Mitsos, "so they must stop on the way."

"That is true. Why should they stop on the way? We will go slow here."

"There must be something that stops them," said Mitsos, very cautiously.

"Yes. You are going very slow indeed, but it is a fault on the right side. Something must stop them which even in the eyes of the Turks will seem reasonable, and let them all disperse again, for they will all go together from Patras. Oh, why did my mother give birth to a fool?"

Mitsos suddenly got up and held his finger in the air.

"Wait a minute," he cried. "Don't speak to me, Uncle Nicholas.... Ah! this is it. We will imagine there is a Turk in Tripoli friendly to Germanos. We will imagine he sends a letter of warning to Germanos. Do you see? Germanos reads the letter aloud to the priests, and they send to Tripoli demanding assurance of their safety, and so disperse. Quick, Uncle Nicholas. Write a letter from the friendly Turk to Germanos, which he will read to the fathers on the journey."

Nicholas stared at Mitsos in sheer astonishment for a moment.

"'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings,'" he ejaculated. "Oh, Mitsos, but it's no less than a grand idea. Tell me again."

Mitsos was flushed with excitement.

"Oh, Uncle Nicholas, but it's so plain," he said. "I go to Patras, and before now the summons for the primates and bishops will have come. I take to Germanos your instructions that they assemble as if to go, and make a day's journey or two days' journey. Then one morning there comes to Germanos a letter from Tripoli from a Turk whom he has been a friend to. 'Do not go,' it says, 'without an assurance of your safety, for I suspect treachery.' So Germanos sends back a messenger to Tripoli to ask for an assurance of safety. So they all disperse again, and by the time the Turks can bring them together again with an assurance of safety or what not, why, the feast, as my cousin Petrobey says, will be ready."

Nicholas sat silent a moment.

"Little Mitsos," he said at length, "but you are no fool."

Mitsos laughed.

"Will it do, then?"

"It is of the best," said Nicholas.

The more Nicholas thought it over, the more incomparable did Mitsos's scheme appear. It was amazingly simple, and, as far as he could see, without a flaw. It seemed to solve every difficulty, and made the whole action of the primates as planned inevitable. It would be impossible for them to go to Tripoli, and by the time the demand for safety had reached Mehemet Salik and been granted they would have dispersed. The second piece of business was to let them know at the monastery that their arms and men would not be needed, as Nicholas had expected, in the south, but for a simultaneous outbreak in the north; and there was also some code of signals, that could be flashed in an hour or two from one end of the Peloponnesus to the other, to be arranged. The simplest system—that of beacon fires—seemed to be the best, and was peculiarly well suited to a country like the Peloponnesus, where there were several ranges of mountains which overtopped the long intervening tracts of hills and valleys, and were clearly visible to each other. From Taygetus three intermediate beacons could probably carry news to the hill above Megaspélaion, and two beacons more to Patras.

There were, then, two messages to be conveyed to Megaspélaion—the first that their arms would be needed in the north, so that there was no need of their beginning to make depots of them southwards, as Nicholas had suggested in his last visit there; and the second to arrange a system of beacons with them. It was not necessary that Mitsos should give the first message himself, as Nicholas had told them to be ready to receive a messenger—man, woman, or child—who spoke of black corn for the Turk; but for the second it were better that he carried with him not only a letter from Nicholas, but also from Germanos, with whom they would have to arrange the beacons between Patras and the monastery. Also he wished Mitsos to take a message to Corinth, go from there to Patras, where he would see Germanos, and from there return by Megaspélaion, not to Nauplia—for Nicholas would already have joined Petrobey—but back to Panitza.

Mitsos nodded.

"But who will take the first message to Megaspélaion?" he asked.

Nicholas turned to Constantine.

"Who is there about there? Say, did not one Vlachos, with his wife Maria, move on to monastery land a month or two ago?"

"Maria?" said Mitsos. "Maria is a very good woman. But I doubt if Yanko is any use. He is a wine-bibbing mule."

"Where does he live?" asked Nicholas.

"At Goura, a day's journey from Nemea."

"Goura? There are plenty of good folk there. You had better go out of your way at Nemea, Mitsos, and spend the night with Yanko, and arrange for the message being taken, and then go back next day to Nemea, and so to Corinth, where you will take ship. Pay horse-hire and wage for the messenger for four days, if it is wanted. I will give you letters to Priketes and Germanos. What else is there?"

"Only the business of the devil-ships, of which I know nothing, and to get Yanni out of the kennel."

"The devil-ships can wait till Panitza. When will you be ready to start?"

Mitsos thought of the white wall, and his heartstrings throbbed within him.

"I could go to-morrow," he said. "The pony will need a day's rest."

Nicholas rose from the table and walked up and down once or twice.

"I don't want Yanni to stop at the house of that Turk longer than is necessary," he said. "It was a bold move and a clever one of Petrobey's, but it may become dangerous."

Mitsos said nothing, but it was a hard moment. Had not the thought of this evening, the white wall, the dark hours on the bay with Suleima, been honey in the mouth for days past, and become ineffable sweetness as the time drew nearer? Yet, on the other hand, had he not sworn to Yanni the oath of the clan that neither man, woman, nor child should make him tarry?

He desired definite assurance on one point.

"Uncle Nicholas," he said at length, "if I went to-day would Yanni get out of Tripoli a day sooner?"

Nicholas turned round quickly.

"Why, surely," he said. "When this business is put through there is still but little more to do, but until it is all done Yanni is clapped in his kennel. The moment it is over he is out."

Mitsos sat still a moment longer.

"I will start to-day," he said. "It is only a short day's journey to Nemea. Write your letters, please, Uncle Nicholas, and then I will go."

"I don't know whether it really matters if you go to-day or to-morrow," said Nicholas, seeing that the boy for some reason wished to stop.

"No, no," broke out Mitsos. "You think it is better for me to go to-day. The sooner the business is over, the sooner Yanni comes out. You said so."

Nicholas raised his eyebrows at this outburst. He did not understand it in the least.

"I will write them at once," he said. "It is true that the sooner Yanni comes out the better."

Mitsos stood with his back to him, looking out of the window, and two great tears rose in his eyes. He was giving up more than any one knew.

Nicholas saw that something was wrong, but as Mitsos did not care to enlighten him it was none of his business. But he had a great affection for the lad, and as he passed he laid his hand on his shoulder.

"You are a very good little Mitsos," he said. "The letters will be ready in an hour. You will have dinner here, will you not, and set out afterwards? You cannot go further than Nemea to-night."

So after dinner Mitsos set out again, and it seemed to him as he went that the heart within him was being torn up as the weeds in a vineyard are rooted for the burning. And on this journey there was no thought that he would soon come back; he was to return, Nicholas told him, not to Nauplia, but to Panitza, where there would be work for him to do until the time came for him to get Yanni out of Tripoli. By then everything would be ready, the beacons would flare across the Peloponnesus, and simultaneously in the north and at Kalamata the outbreak would begin.

The reason for this was twofold. The Greek forces were not yet sufficiently organized to conduct the siege of Tripoli, which was strongly fortified, well watered, and heavily garrisoned. Kalamata, however, was a more pregnable place, the water-supply was bad inside the citadel, and the garrison not numerous. Again, it was a port, and by getting possession of the harbor, which was not defended and separate from the citadel, they would drive those who escaped inland to Tripoli. The movements in the north, too, would have the same effect; Tripoli was the strongest fortress in the Peloponnesus, and by the autumn, when, as Nicholas hoped, the Greeks would be sufficiently organized to undertake the siege, it would be the only refuge left for the Turks who were still in the country. Then it would be that the great blow would be struck which would free the whole Peloponnesus. In the interval the plan was as far as possible to cut the whole Peloponnesus off from the rest of the world by a fleet which was being organized in the islands, and by means of the fire-ships, which should destroy the Turkish vessels seeking to leave it, and prevent others from coming into

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"AFTER SUPPER MITSOS EXPOUNDED, AND YANKO SHIFTED FROM ONE FOOT TO THE OTHER AND SEEMED UNCOMFORTABLE."

the ports. For practical purposes there were only four ports—at Corinth, Patras, Nauplia, and Kalamata. The first two would be the care of the leaders of the revolution in the north; for Kalamata and Nauplia, Nicholas and Petrobey had arrangements in hand.

That night Mitsos slept at Nemea, and all next day travelled across the great inland plain where lie the lakes. Through the length and breadth of that smiling land the spirit of spring was abroad; crocuses and the early anemones bloomed in the thickets, and the dim purple iris cradled bees in a chalice of gold. Brimming streams crossed the path, and the sunlight lay on their pebbly beds in a diaper of amber and stencilled shadow, and Mitsos's pony at the mid-day halt ate his fill of the young juicy grass. But in Mitsos's heart the spring woke no echo; he went heavily, and the glorious adventure to which he had sacrificed his new-found manhood, fully indeed and without a murmur, seemed to him a thing of little profit. And if he had known what hard days were waiting for him, and the blank agonies and bitterness through which he was to fulfil his destiny, he would, it is to be feared, have turned his pony's head round and said that an impossible thing was asked of him. But he knew nothing beyond this two weeks' task now set him, and to that he was committed not only by his promise to Nicholas, and, to do him justice, his own self-respect, but by the oath of the clan, which, rather than fail in, he would have died.

The second evening, a little before sunset, he saw Goura close before him, standing free and roomily on a breezy hill-side, and ringed with vineyards. Behind lay the great giants of the mountain range—Helmos, with a cowl of snow, and Cyllene, all sunset flushed. Yanko's house proved to be at the top of the village, and there he found Maria, with a face all smiles for his welcoming. Yanko was still in the fields, and he and Maria talked themselves up to date with each other till he came home.

"Oh yes, he was a good husband," said Maria, "and he earned a fine wage. He was as strong as a horse, and when he let the wine-shop alone he did the work of two men. And I am strong too," remarked Maria; "and when he doesn't come home by ten in the evening it will be no rare thing for me to bring him back with a thump on the head for his foolishness. And why are you here, Mitsos?"

"Business," he said; "business for Nicholas. It is Yanko who can do it for us. I may tell you about it, Maria, for so Nicholas said. He is wanted to take a message to the monastery. Four days' horse-hire, if he wishes, will be paid, and he will do a good work, too, for many."

"On business against the Turk?" asked Maria.

"Surely."

Maria shook her head doubtfully.

"Yanko is a good man," she said, "but he is a man of the belly. So long as there is food in plenty and plenty of wine, he does not care. But he will not be long; you shall ask him. It is so good to see you again, Mitsos. Do you remember our treading the grapes together in the autumn? How you have grown since then! Your height is two of Yanko's, but then Yanko is very fat."

Maria looked at him approvingly, with her head on one side; she distinctly felt a little sentimental. Mitsos reminded her of Nauplia, and of the days when she was so proud of being engaged to Yanko, while still only seventeen; of having Mitsos, whom she had always thought wonderfully good-looking and pleasant, if not at her feet, at any rate interested in her. She had been more than half disposed, as far as her personal inclination had gone, to put Yanko off for a bit and try her chance with the other; but she was safe with Yanko, and he did quite well. But it both hurt her and pleased her to see Mitsos again. He was better-looking than ever, and had a wonderful way with him, an air of breeding—Maria did not analyze closely, but that is what she meant—which Yanko was entirely free from. And this strange adventure of his, of which he told her the main outlines, his kinship to and rapturous adoption by the great Mavromichales clan, gave him quite a new and powerful attraction. And when Yanko's heavy step was heard outside, Maria turned away with a sigh, and said he seemed earlier than usual.

Yanko, always sleek, had grown rather gross, and his red face, a little shiny, and small, rather boiled-looking eyes, presented a strong contrast to Mitsos's thin bronzed cheeks and clear iris. But Yanko seemed glad to see him, and agreed that Mitsos's errand had best wait till after supper.

So after supper Mitsos expounded, and Yanko shifted from one foot to the other and seemed uncomfortable. "And," said Mitsos in conclusion, "I can give you horse-hire for four days."

Yanko sat silent awhile, then told Maria to draw another jug of wine. Maria had a sharp tongue when her views were dissentient from his, and he would speak more easily if she were not there. Maria, who had listened to Mitsos with wide, eager eyes and a heightened color, went off quickly and returned in equal haste, anxious not to lose anything.

"It's like this," Yanko was saying. "What with this and that, I've a lot of farm-work on my hands, and to tell the truth, too, but little wish to mix myself up in the affair; and as for four days' horse-hire, it will pay my way, but where's my profit?"

Mitsos frowned.

"You won't go?" he said, half rising. "Then I mustn't wait, but find some one else."

At this Maria burst out.

"Shame, Yanko," she said. "But I have a mule-man for a husband. It is that you think of nothing but piastres, and are afraid of taking on yourself for two days such work as Mitsos spends his months in. Am I to sit here and see you drinking and eating and sleeping, and never lifting a hand for the sake of any but yourself? Ah, if I was a man I would not have chosen a wife with as little spirit as my husband has."

Maria banged the wine-jug down on the table, and cast a scornful look at Yanko. Then she crossed over to Mitsos, and took his glass to fill it, filling her own at the same time.

"This to you," she said, clinking her glass at his, "and to the health of all brave men." Then, with another scowl at Yanko, "Can't you even drink to those who are made different from yourself?" she said. "Or is there not spirit in you for that? I should have been a mile on the way by this time," she said to Mitsos, "if it had pleased the good God to make me a man and send you with such a message to me."

"You, Maria?" said Mitsos, suddenly.

"Yes; and how many days of horse-hire does Yanko think I should have asked for my pains? I should have thought shame to ask a penny for what I did, if I had had to beg my way."

Mitsos remembered Nicholas's directions. "Will you go?" he said. "You would do it as well as any man. It is just Father Priketes you have to ask for, and give the message."

"Nonsense, Maria," said Yanko; "a woman can't do a thing like that."

Maria's indignant speeches had a touch of the high rhetorical about them, but Yanko's remark turned them into sober fact.

"You'll be drawing your own wine for yourself the next few days," she said, "and I shall be over the hills doing what you were afraid of. I'm blithe to go," she said to Mitsos, "and to-morrow daybreak will see me on the way."

Yanko, on the whole, was relieved. It would have been a poor thing to send Mitsos to another house in quest of a sturdier patriot than he, and Maria's offer had obviated this without entailing the journey on himself. Poor Yanko had been born of a poor and weak spirit, and the possession of the earth in company with like-minded men would have seemed to him a sufficiently beatified prospect. He had no desire for brave and boisterous adventure; new experiences held for him no ecstasy; even in the matter of drinking, which was the chief pleasure of his life, he maintained a certain familiar moderation, never passing beyond the stage of a slightly fuddled head; and a wholesome fear of Maria—not acute but steady—as a rule, drove him home while he was still perfectly capable of getting there. The rule of his life was a certain sordid mean, which has been the subject for praise in the mouth of poets, who have even gone so far as to call it golden, and is strikingly exemplified in the lives of cows and other domestic animals. He was possessed of certain admirable qualities, a capacity for hard work, and a real affection for his eminent wife being among them; but he was certainly cast in no heroic mould. He had no fine heady virtues which carry their own reward in the constant admiration they excite, but of the less admired virtues he had an average share.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. JOHN DREW.

In the pleasant years of their home companies a few quiet-souled people of the stage found their way to spend the summer months together in a little nook of the Pennsylvania mountains, where people and manners have not changed in all the hundred years that their comfortable farm-houses have been snuggling up to the warm hillsides. The names of Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. John Drew, Barton Hill, Mrs. Sefton, "the Captain" (as John Sefton was called by his friends), and those of the children of these player-folk, nursed by their hearth-sides, are still fondly echoed by the humble roofs of Paradise Valley. Not many days ago I sat beside one of those hearths with a dear comrade of the theatre as he reverently opened a treasure-box of old letters and pictures and showed me the words and faces of beloved ones, dead and living. There was one packet which he touched with the gentlest and tenderest care. From many like them he chose and showed me four bits of faded paper. They were letters, all in the same delicate handwriting, and addressed in affectionate terms to his mother, but signed respectively "Louisa Lane," "Louisa Hunt," "Louisa Mossop," "Louisa Drew." We both knew and loved Mrs. Drew, both had enjoyed the honor of standing beside her in the incomparable scenes of *The School for Scandal*, *London Assurance*, and *The Rivals*, and our hearts were sad because the mails had brought us news of her illness.

From the lovingly told stories of the gentle lady's life, one especially came back to me from the hush of that summer night when I read in my morning paper that Louisa Drew had died at Larchmont on the afternoon of August 31 last.

The Pennsylvania German farmers at Paradise Valley were very shy in the presence of the people who came into their eventless homes from distant cities, and an unreal and mystic *show* life. The strangers were absolute outlanders, and their outlandish ways and talk at first disturbed the balance of the slow and sure-minded countrymen. The frank gayety of these big children, let loose for a time from the tyrannous playhouse and full of the joy of having a play-time of their own, was met by the natives with a kind of shrinking awe. But one day, in the little store at the cross-roads, where the letters and groceries of the settlement were dispensed by the patriarch of the valley, that worthy man declared to his deferential generation the worth of the new-comers in this judgment, uttered slowly and solemnly, as befitted the occasion:

"I like that Mrs. Drew. She's a neighborish woman."

The unskilled old man, not unfamiliar with Scriptural meanings, had touched the very heart of Louisa Drew's nature. She was of those whose hearts never form the question, "Who is my near dweller?" Trained from childhood in an art whose purpose is the study of mankind to lift it up towards good, she gave in herself an example of its supremest teaching—charity and honor to every human being, whether he be alive or dead.

To me it seems but a few evenings ago that I saw Mrs. Drew's mother, Mrs. Kinlock, as she sat in a stage box in the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, to witness her distinguished daughter's performance of Lady Gay Spanker. She died within a breathing-space of having spent a century among the living. So Mrs. Drew, like many of her fellow-players, was not only blessed with a long life herself, but came from a long-lived stock. Her mother, whose maiden name was Eliza Trautner, born 1796, was first married to an English actor and manager named Henry Lane. Mrs. Drew was the only child of this marriage, and was born in England, January 10, 1819, a very short time before her father's death. Mother and daughter used fondly to tell how the little Louisa made her first appearance on the stage, at nine months of age, in *Giovanni in London*. The only requirement of her part was to cry. The baby exemplified the paradox of acting by playing so well that she spoiled her scene, for no one else could be heard.

English and American audiences of that time were as fond of and indulgent towards child actors as were the people of Hamlet's unnamed "City." Mrs. Lane introduced her gifted daughter to the English public in a Liverpool theatre, as Agib in *Timour the Tartar*, in 1827. Coming to America almost immediately afterward, both mother and daughter became in a short time distinguished honors of our stage. Louisa Lane's first appearance in this country was as Duke of York in *Richard III.*, to the elder Booth's Richard, at the Olympia (Walnut Street) Theatre, Philadelphia, September 26, 1827. Her first New York appearance was at the Old Bowery Theatre, March 3, 1828. After a successful tour with her mother, she visited Philadelphia again and played a number of different and dissimilar characters, including Doctor Pangloss, Little Pickle, and the Actress of All Work. On September 22, 1829, she made her first appearance at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, with the glory of which house she was afterward to be long wedded. The seasons of 1831-2-3 were occupied with successful starring tours through the South and West, during which *Richard III.* was added to the repertory of the wonderful child actress.

In 1833 she began, at the Old Bowery Theatre, the regular work of a stock actress. She married, in 1836, Henry B. Hunt, an English singer, and left the stage for a short time, returning, however, as a member of the Old Bowery company in 1838. The season of 1839 took her to Philadelphia as a member of the Walnut Street Theatre. August 28, 1841, she joined the Chestnut Street Theatre company, being now in rank as an accepted juvenile lady. Miss Hildreth, who became the wife of General Benjamin F. Butler, was at the same time a member of this company. In 1847-8 she was in the theatres of Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Mobile, under the celebrated management of Ludlow & Smith. Coming East to Albany in 1848, she married George Mossop, an Irish singer and comedian. While with the Albany company the then widowed Mrs. Mossop had for one of her associates the popular and talented comedian John Drew, to whom she was married in that city on July 27, 1850. From that date the names of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew are inseparably joined with the highest honors that a fond and delighted public could bestow. Together they went to the company of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1852-3, and on February 21, 1853, opened the Arch Street Theatre in the same city, under the management of Thomas J. Hemphill, in Cibber's comedy, *She Would and She Would Not*. They subsequently became lessees of this theatre, and produced the full repertory of standard drama in the most admirable and artistic manner.

When William Wheatley and John S. Clarke assumed the management of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1858, Mrs. Drew became a leading member of their company. In August, 1867, this theatre was leased to Mrs. Drew—once more a widow, John Drew having died at Philadelphia, May 21, 1862. From that date until the expiration of the season of 1877-8 she maintained a stock company, whose roster includes the names of the most distinguished actors of our country, and whose history entitles Mrs. Drew to claim distinction as one of the most successful of managers.

Mrs. Drew held out long and loyally against assaults from the destructive combination "system," but the fascinating stories of great wealth acquired by actors who had organized and conducted travelling companies set an ineradicable leaven in the hearts of the players, and the stock theatre, deserted year by year by its best actors, had to take down the call-board, shut up the greenroom, and open the stage door to the plays and people that the restless locomotive hauls helter-skelter about this big country.

After some efforts, always distasteful to her, to take rank with the "stars," Mrs. Drew remained in retirement, appearing but occasionally. Seven or eight years ago she gave up the lease of the Arch Street Theatre, and in 1892 joined Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. William Florence, who, with a travelling company, gave a magnificent series of productions of the old comedies in the different cities of the United States. Again, in the spring of 1895, she made a tour with Mr. Jefferson, joined with Mr. W. H. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber, and Nat C. Goodwin in *The Rivals*. This was her last notable engagement.

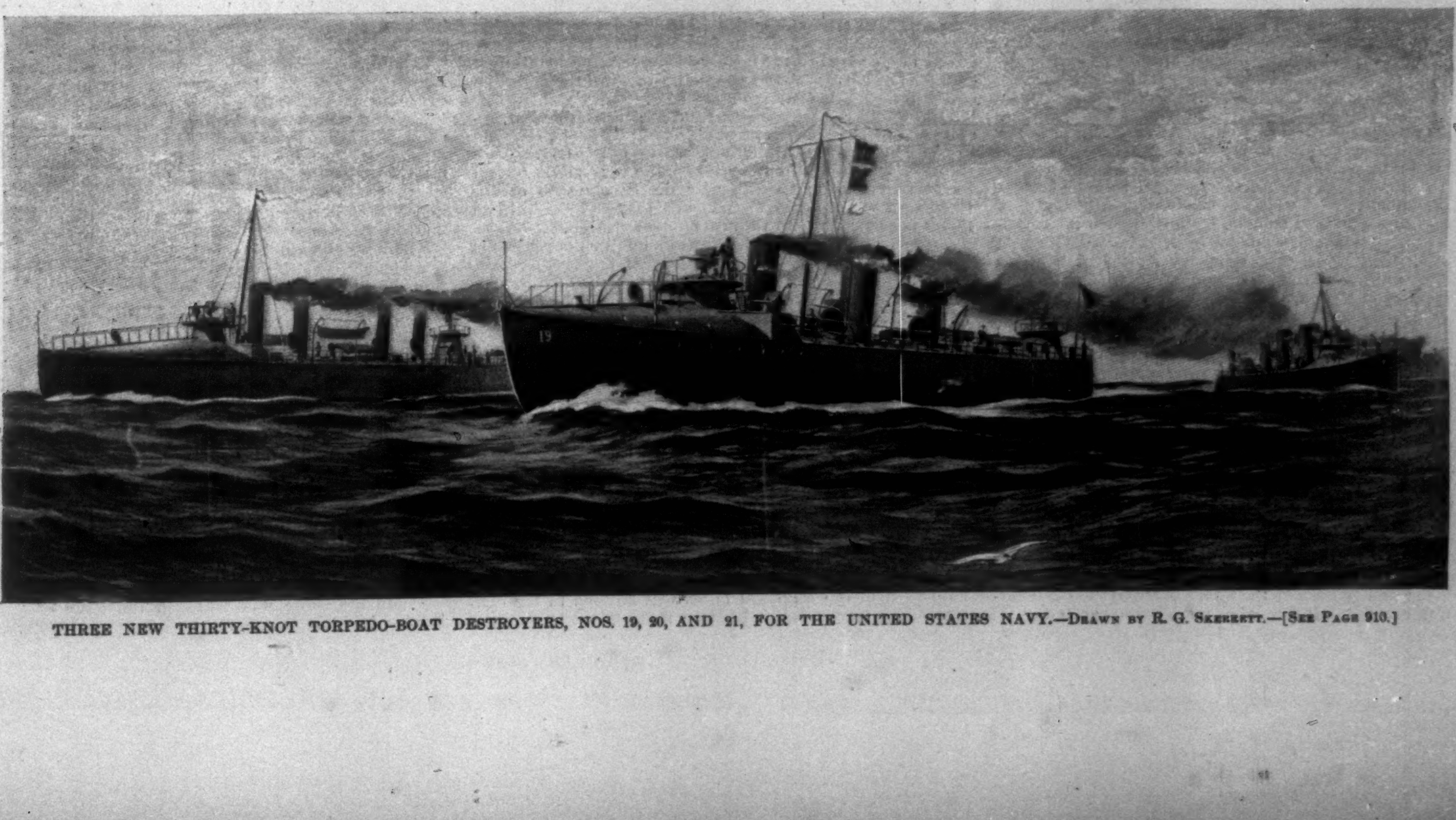
Although the favorite heroines of the Shakespearian and other classic dramas had, from her earliest years, been Mrs. Drew's handmaidens of honor, she is best known for her incomparable performances of Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*, Lady Gay Spanker in *London Assurance*, and Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in his Autobiography, speaking of the part of Mrs. Malaprop as rendered by Mrs. Drew, gives an illustration of the care and invention which she bestowed upon her work. He says:

"During our first rehearsal of the comedy in Philadelphia Mrs. John Drew, who had evidently been considering the part of Mrs. Malaprop with great care, introduced some novel business in her first scene with Captain Absolute that struck me as one of the finest points I had ever seen made. When Mrs. Malaprop hands the letter for the Captain to read, by accident she gives him her own love-letter, lately received by her from Sir Lucius O'Trigger. As the Captain reads the first line, which betrays the secret, Mrs. Drew starts, blushes, and simperingly explains that 'there is a slight mistake.' Her manner during this situation was the perfection of comedy. She asked me if I thought that the introduction was admissible. I replied that I not only thought it admissible, but believed that Sheridan himself would have introduced it if the idea had happened to occur to him."

It must, of course, be understood that this detail of her

MRS. DREW AS MRS. MALAPROP.
Drawn from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.



THREE NEW THIRTY-KNOT TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS, NOS. 19, 20, AND 21, FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.—[See Page 910.]

impersonation had been developed by Mrs. Drew through many years of experience in her own theatre.

A little more than a year ago it was my great privilege to play Joseph Surface to Mrs. Drew's Lady Teazle, and a recollection of the exquisite grace and delicacy with which this great artist conveyed to her associates and the public the meaning of her scene is an unfailing delight. She owned and used the great power of the truly great actor, that of silently leading those about her to act responsively. She had a way all her own of checking Joseph's advances towards familiarity in the famous screen scene. It was only a quick glance at his advanced hand, and a slight, a very slight, but very positive withdrawal of the form, but it told the lady's innate and unchangeable modesty. An actress less skilled would have done more and pleased less.

Of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Drew, one, Mr. John Drew, is now established in the esteem of the American public as one of the ablest of comedians. A daughter, Georgiana, wife of Maurice Barrymore, was until her untimely death but a few years ago a brilliant and favorite actress.

JOHN MALONE.

SENATOR QUAY AS A REFORMER.

Two years ago this summer a determined effort was made to depose Senator Quay from his leadership of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. In the cities the powerful "combines" were opposed to him; in the country influential politicians were turning against him because the Governor, who was leading the opposition, had the distribution of the State patronage. Quay, with that shrewdness which has given him his control of Pennsylvania politics during the last quarter of a century, appealed directly to the country on the issue that the city "combines" were trying to extend their influence to the districts by the use of those methods that had made the government of Pennsylvania cities a synonym for corruption and extravagance. He promised the cities, if successful, reform and relief from the oppression of the machines which had dominated their politics. He won his fight, and the State convention of August, 1895, adopted the following reform planks:

> We decry the growing use of money in politics, and corporate control of legislatures, municipal councils, political primaries, and elections, and favor the enactment of legislation and the enforcement of laws to correct such abuses.
>
> We earnestly insist upon a form of civil service which will prevent the enslavement of public officers and employees, and the compelling of those appointed to preserve the peace to confine themselves to their duties; which will insure absolute freedom and fairness in bestowing State and county and municipal contracts, and will punish any form of favoritism in granting them; which will forbid the grant of exclusive franchises to deal in public necessities, comforts, conveyances, and sanitary requirements; and will insure the recognition of ability and fidelity in the public service, keeping service to the country ever foremost, when accompanied by ability and fitness.
>
> We demand that public office shall be for public benefit, and its term in subordinate positions shall be during good behavior. No public employee or officer shall be permitted to influence primaries or elections, nor upon any pretence be assessed upon his salary, and all unnecessary positions and salaries should be abolished, and expenditures and taxation reduced. There should be uniform valuation of property for public purposes, corporations enjoying public privileges should pay for them, and schools should be divorced from politics and kept absolutely free from political influence and control.

In accordance with these explicit pledges, the State Executive Committee appointed a special subcommittee to draft the bills necessary to carry them into effect. It prepared four bills—one providing for a system of civil service reform that was satisfactory to the Civil Service Reform Association, the Philadelphia Municipal League, and other civic bodies, and received their support and endorsement; another prohibited the assessment of public employees for political purposes, and its terms were sufficiently broad to put an effective stop to partisan political assessments; a third was designed to prevent the interference of municipal employees and those of corporations enjoying public franchises from interfering or influencing primary and general elections; the fourth was intended to put a stop to the practice of political committees purchasing poll-tax receipts in bulk.

These bills were wisely and conservatively drawn, and would, had they become laws, given a very substantial measure of reform; and further, would have been a satisfactory redemption of the pledges of the party. The State convention of April, 1896, formally incorporated them in the State platform, and every Republican member of the Legislature elected in November was elected on a platform of which they formed an integral part.

The people of Pittsburg, relying on these specific promises, and at the instance of Quay and his principal lieutenants, prepared a much-needed new charter for their city; and the Municipal League of Philadelphia, encouraged perhaps by the same platform, although entirely of its own volition and without any consultation with Quay or his adherents, for it had but little confidence in his conversion, prepared several bills to give to Philadelphia certain much-needed reforms in harmony with the letter and the spirit of the platform.

Accordingly, when the Pennsylvania Legislature assembled in January last, its reform work had been definitely mapped out and was in a shape to be passed without delay. Quay was in complete control, having elected his candidate for United States Senator by a decisive vote, and having organized both branches by the election of his retainers and supporters. His control was continued throughout the session, as was demonstrated by many test votes.

With the reform measures in a satisfactory shape, and Quay, who had voluntarily assumed responsibility for them, in control, what was the result?

The four general reform bills were introduced into the Senate and promptly passed by that body. When they reached the House a blight seemed to fall upon them. They were held in committee for a considerable length of time, and then referred to a subcommittee, from which they emerged late in the session so changed and amended that all their meritorious features were eliminated, and, in some cases, new and pernicious provisions added.

The civil service bill, as emasculated, made the Secretary of the Commonwealth, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Secretary of Internal Affairs (three tried and true Quay henchmen and friends of the spoils system) the Civil Service Commission. It provided for a four-year tenure of office; the re-examination of all office-holders at the end of four years; and constituted the State, city, and county superintendents of education and certain of their subordinates the examining boards; and omitted the provision for the appointment of those passing highest at the examinations. Could a greater burlesque on civil service reform be imagined? One reformer, in criticising this amended bill, said, "This may be Quay reform; it is certainly not civil service reform."

The bill in its new form was not reached on second reading until within a few days of adjournment, when the friends of real civil service reform were able to muster sufficient forces to secure its defeat. The Quay managers gave as an excuse for producing such a bill that no other could pass the House. How they learned this was not stated, nor why they did not give the members another opportunity to vote on the original measure, which formed a part of the platform that had been overwhelmingly endorsed at the polls and by nearly every newspaper in the State, and upon which they were elected, does not appear. As a matter of fact, they felt that they had made all they possibly could out of the reform issue, and that they could safely let it go by the board. Whether their judgment was sound, time only will show.

The political assessment bill underwent a similar course of emasculation, and emerged with the important words "request or suggest" left out, so that only the "demand" for a contribution was made unlawful. The politician who will be caught demanding when the milder alternative of requesting or suggesting is open to him will certainly deserve the severest punishment provided under the bill, which was duly passed and approved by the Governor.

The poll-tax bill was also passed and approved after it was deprived of all value by the insertion of a clause to the effect that no receipt should be issued "except on the written and signed order of such elector authorizing the payment of the poll-tax," so that all the voter has to do now is to sign a general order authorizing the payment of his tax, and it will be paid by the ward or division worker, as at present. According to the testimony of one boss this law has greatly facilitated the practice, and is a distinct gain for the political worker.

The "non-interference" bill was rendered harmless by the insertion of the single word "unduly." The amended bill prevented any employee within the classes named from *unduly* soliciting or influencing any voter. As no two persons, and certainly no jury of twelve men, could agree as to what constitutes *undue* influence, the bill was worse than useless, and the House, in the fear of appearing ridiculous, unexpectedly defeated it.

Thus the four platform bills of the Republican party fared at the hands of Senator Quay and his friends, the majority of the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1897; and the Pittsburg and Philadelphia reform bills received no better treatment. The Pittsburg legislation was side-tracked early in the session, and some characteristic Quay measures substituted therefor. One provided that within ten days after its passage the Mayor and certain city officials of Pittsburg should be ousted from office, and their successors appointed by the Governor. This "ripper" bill also provided for the transfer of Pittsburg from the second class of cities to the first, as Allegheny, the other city of the second class, did not want any reform, inasmuch as it was already in the hands of Mr. Quay's friends, while Pittsburg was not. On the other hand, his Philadelphia lieutenants did not desire to be hampered in their plans by having Philadelphia and Pittsburg in the same class, and so between the conflicting interests of his friends in the three cities, poor boss-ridden Pittsburg was lost sight of, and has not to this day received any of the relief it was led to expect and had been so frequently promised.

The citizens of Pittsburg who confided in Quay's promises of reform until the last week or ten days of the session are a sadder and a wiser lot, and they now place about the same confidence in his reform utterance that the Philadelphia reformers did at the beginning. These latter took the position that if Quay was sincere, well and good; if he was not, the cause of reform would not suffer in the long-run; but he should at least be given a fair opportunity to demonstrate his sincerity. This he has had. How he has utilized it we have seen.

The Philadelphia reformers very soon saw that they had little to expect from the Legislature, but they hardly expected that they would have to fight for the very life of their city charter. But they did have to, because of the introduction and passage of Quay's pet measure—the Becker bill—by the terms of which every municipal appointment had to be confirmed by two-thirds of *all* the members of Select Council, thus putting it within the power of one-third this number plus one (or fourteen Selectmen) to reject every nomination unless satisfactory to them. Quay, who had been "harmonizing" in Philadelphia by forming a new combine, was anxious for this bill. It would have enabled him, through the Leaders' League, which controlled enough puppets in Select Council, to secure the rejection of all undesirable (*sic*) appointments. Quay wanted this bill, as he did the Senatorship, and of course it passed, despite one of the strongest popular protests ever presented to the Legislature. Philadelphia was only saved from a measure which would have taken the very vitals out of its present excellent charter by the timely veto of the Governor, who said in his message that a worse bill had never been presented to him for consideration.

This is Quay's record for reform in the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1897. It speaks for itself, and further comment is unnecessary. It will be interesting to observe whether the people of Pennsylvania propose to continue in power a leader with such a record.

C. R. W.

OUR LATEST THIRTY-KNOT TORPEDO-BOATS.

THE only substantial provision made by the last regular session of Congress for the increase of the navy was an allowance of $800,000 for the construction of three thirty-knot torpedo-boats. These boats are really torpedo-boat *destroyers*, but because of the wording of the act must be known officially as torpedo-boats simply, and as such will take their places on the list as Nos. 19, 20, and 21.

The competition for the construction of the boats was upon the bidders' designs, and wellnigh every prominent ship-yard of the seaboard cities was entered in the contest. The reason is not hard to find. Next to a battle-ship no other craft is so conspicuously considered by the profession and laity at large; and the yard that has turned out a successful thirty-knot boat has met and accomplished about the most trying task that naval architecture and marine engineering can set. The work was awarded to Harlan & Hollingsworth of Wilmington, Delaware, to the Gas Engine and Power Company of New York, and to Wolff & Zwicker of Portland, Oregon; and, prospectively at least, the feathers are in their caps.

No. 19 is the Harlan & Hollingsworth boat, and the largest of the lot. She is patterned after the British Thornycroft boats of like speed, but will be engined upon American designs.

She will be 225 feet long on the water-line, will have a maximum beam of 22 feet, and will draw 7 feet 3 inches of water on her trial displacement of 340 tons. This trial displacement is about seventy tons less than her loaded, service condition, and really represents no state of efficient readiness.

It is a happy condition for the development of the designed speed, and the contractors expect to exceed the requirements by at least half a knot.

The boat has considerable freeboard, and that promises to make her reasonably dry for a craft of her type.

Common to all torpedo-boats, the craft will be divided into something like a dozen water-tight compartments, without any means of intramural communication. This is done for the sake of added safety, and to completely obviate the risk of open water-tight doors in times of action or accident.

In one of these compartments will be placed the two sets of triple-expansion engines which are to drive the twin screws. These engines are of the four-cylinder type, and, when working at something like 400 revolutions a minute, will develop quite 7200 indicated horse-power. Four Thornycroft water-tube boilers, in the two compartments ahead, will generate steam at a working pressure of 240 pounds to the square inch; and for the sake of moderate protection against gun-fire the coal-supply will be stowed abreast these boilers.

The boat will carry a complement of nearly forty, and reasonably comfortable quarters are promised so far as a parlor-car adjustment of space will permit.

There are two conning-towers—one forward and one aft—each fitted with hand and with steam steering gears, and the boat can be navigated from either, although in action the forward one would more likely be used.

As a destroyer, she carries an effective battery of seven 6-pounder rapid-fire guns. Four are carried conveniently on the main-deck, while the two remaining are placed on top of the conning-towers, and worked from the surrounding bridges. These guns are amply heavy to annihilate any torpedo-boat, even though she carry slight armor protection.

As a torpedo-boat, she carries two torpedo-tubes for the discharge of 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes, of which her supply will be four. These tubes are placed on the centre line, one forward of the other, and between the last smoke-stack and the after conning-tower. They can be fired on either broadside.

She will cost, exclusive of armament, $236,000.

No. 20 will be built by Wolff & Zwicker, and is second in size.

She will be 197 feet long, will have a beam of 20 feet, and, upon her trial, displacement of 247.5 tons—112.5 tons lighter than her laden condition. She will draw 8 feet 4 inches of water.

She will be propelled by two four-cylinder, triple-expansion engines, capable of developing a maximum of about 6000 indicated horse-power; and steam will be supplied by four water-tube boilers—type yet to be determined—at a pressure of 250 pounds.

She will carry the large supply of 131 tons of coal; and the fuel will be placed abreast both the engines and boilers for the sake of protection.

The same water-tight divisioning prevails, with communication to be had only by passing up to the deck and down again; and the same nice economy of space is studied in the accommodations for the complement of thirty-odd.

She carries two conning-towers, each provided with steering-gears and the usual vocal, mechanical, and electrical means of communication.

She will have a battery of four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns and two 18-inch torpedo-tubes. Only one of the guns will be carried aloft and on the forward conning-tower; the others will be distributed advantageously on the deck below. The torpedo-tubes will be placed on the centre line, one forward and one abaft the after tower.

Her contract price is $214,500, and does not include her armament.

No. 21 will be built by the Gas Engine and Power Company.

She will be 206 feet 9 inches long over all, will have a maximum beam of only 19 feet, and will draw, when loaded down to 265 tons displacement, 8 feet of water over her screws. She will be tried 30 tons lighter.

She too will have two four-cylinder, triple-expansion engines driving twin screws, and they will develop 5600 indicated horse-power when making 400 revolutions a minute under the impulse of 245 pounds of steam. That steam will be supplied by four Seabury water-tube boilers in two compartments, one forward and one aft of the machinery space.

There will be accommodations for about forty persons; and she will be subdivided by the same system of water-tight bulkheads.

She will carry four 6-pounder guns, one on top of each conning-tower, and two 18-inch torpedo-tubes, one amidships and one 'way aft.

Like the other boats, she will have a steam-windlass for handling the anchors and doing the heavy lifting; and, like the other boats, she will be lighted by electricity and amply ventilated by a system of blowers.

Exclusive of armament, her contract price is $210,000.

The reason for being for the torpedo-boat destroyer is sufficiently manifest when one realizes the large numbers of torpedo-boats of foreign powers; and only in a craft of greater speed, capable of operating in the same shallow waters, can the successful match be found. The destroyer is that answer, while her superior sea-keeping qualities accentuate her usefulness by making her more than ever a great menace to an enemy's largest ships.

There are those who say that the navy of to-day is lacking in romance, and that the next great war will be

one of machines and mechanical control. To them the torpedo-boat destroyer is a denial. To the young officer that commands one of these boats is intrusted the same great mission as that assigned the commander of our largest craft, the destruction of a battleship, *but without any means of defence.* With consummate cunning he must creep upon his quarry under cover of darkness, and in the face of certain destruction if he be discovered in the approach; and with such fearful odds against him he must act with that coolness and deliberation that alone mean success. The glory of such work well done is enough for any man, and yet to-day it lies in the reach of the youngest officer.

As a peace-time study, the control of the torpedo-boat destroyer is a call upon the nerve and courage of the bravest and brightest; and from the man at the wheel to the men in charge of those racing engines or those roaring furnaces there is a tax of ceaseless vigilance and endless response.

R. G. Skerrett.

MUSIC NOTES.

The colossal bust of Mozart, won last June by Brooklyn's United Singers at the Philadelphia Sängerfest, will be set up in Prospect Park, near the flower garden, and is to be solemnly received by the authorities in October.

Moriz Rosenthal has quite recovered his health. He has been summering and practising at Gastein. He returns to America this autumn, making his first appearance in November.

Italy is as devoted to the memory of Donizetti as a country well can be when some sixty odd years have elapsed since his dominancy of a national stage. At the memorial celebration of next month in Bergamo an enthusiastic force of Italian singers, under Pizzi, will assist, and no small group of notable artists of other nationalities, including, by-the-bye, that excellent American florid soprano, Madame Lillian Blauvelt, who will be one of the chief coloratura singers of the celebration.

Dr. Antonin Dvorshák resumes his post at the head of the National Conservatory of Music in this city this autumn, and expects to produce certain new compositions in this city during the season.

A great discovery has been made, or is on the way to be made, and announced by our scientific æstheticians. Some weeks ago a London lady, a thorough-paced musical amateur and devotee of St. James's Hall, called for a friend, also a musical amateur of ardent sentiments, to escort the latter to a concert. The friend declined—she had changed her mind—the programme of the concert had been altered and was to be chiefly Wagnerian instead of a more general making-up. "I am a blonde," she said, "and Wagner's music is only suitable for brunettes. Wagner has a distinctly bad effect on the complexion of blondes and on their nervous systems."

Mr. Maurice Grau, as lessee of the privileges of the Metropolitan Opera-House under the new and improved condition of its affairs, has again announced that he has no intention of undertaking a season of opera in this city next winter; not even with the obliging forbearance on the part of the stockholders for a company that necessarily would be uneven and makeshift, in view of the present engagements of many artists.

Leoncavallo has decided on *Trilby* as the subject of his next opera. Mr. Du Maurier's novel certainly has material, and indeed express situations, for a lyric drama, even more obviously than for the spoken article. Exactly how the "Ben Bolt" song and the even less accommodating Chopin quotation are to be practically treated may be a matter of expert musicians' doubts.

(*Continued on page 912.*)

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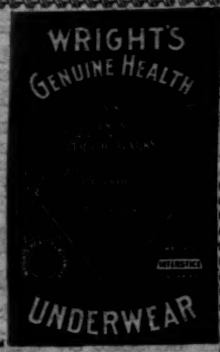

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(*Continued from page 911.*)

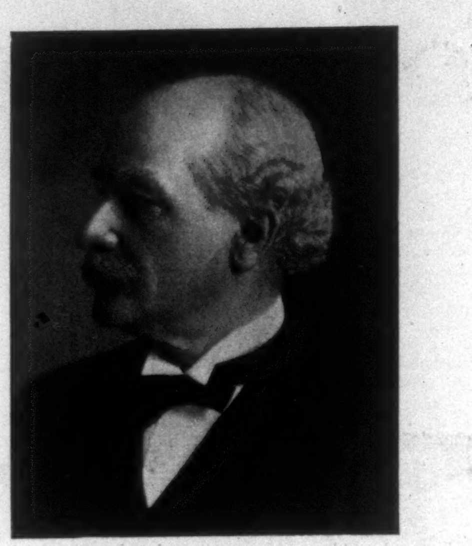
The critics of Italy and Germany are devoting compliments in generous measure to Spinelli's dramatic little opera *A Basso Porto*, composed on a text-book that draws its material from the *Neapolitan Folk-Scenes* of Cognetti. The title refers to a particularly democratic and unsavory quarter of Naples; and the action of the opera is in keeping. It deals with a low-life tragedy, of the rank-spiced sort, such as Mascagni and Leoncavallo have embellished—jealousy and murder the mainspring. The opera has pleased Berliners, though in an imperfect representation. What a pity that we have not yet our Mascagni, our Leoncavallo, to set a police sensation of the Bowery, or a stabbing affair in Elizabeth Street, when half a dozen of the residents "see red." Where is our Spinelli to give full rich lyric swing to a Guldensuppe mystery, in two acts, with a descriptive intermezzo!

One of the dramatic little stories of Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, the London novelist, turns on the actual stabbing of a Juliet by a jealous Romeo during a performance in a German court-theatre. Such tragic incidents have not infrequently occurred in the annals of opera and play-house. In our own city's chief lyric theatre last season we had what seemed the lively comedy of an actor something leading up to his sudden death; when the unfortunate Castlemary, as Sir Tristan Mickleford, was pursued by the crowd of Richmond Fair folk in *Martha*. There are at least a dozen well-attested suicides that have been consummated by luckless actors or singers under cover of the tragic movement of their part. A more recent example occurred at the theatre in Arad, Hungary, when a well-known leading member of the company, Koloman Balla, put a real and loaded revolver to his forehead in concluding the last act of the night's drama. He fell dead, amid an immense demonstration of applause from a crowded house quite unaware of the reality of the actor's emotion and gestures. He was a man of excellent family and bright in professional prospects, disappointed in love, morbid, and, as he grimly wrote to a friend, "determined to end his days as an actor ought to do—to the satisfaction of his public."

Keinzl's *The Evangelist* has been produced at one hundred different opera-houses abroad since its first performance some three years ago at Vienna. Not a note of it has yet been heard in New York, and it is still a novelty in London. The composer has completed the score of his new work, *Sancho*, for the Viennese stage, and it will be brought out in November.

E. I. S.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ST. PETERSBURG.



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK.

ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, the newly appointed minister to the court of St. Petersburg, is a great-grandson of Colonel Ethan Allen, who demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Mr. Hitchcock's grandfather, Samuel Hitchcock, a native of Massachusetts, migrated to Vermont, voted in the convention for the adoption of the United States Constitution, and was made United States Circuit Judge for the Second Circuit by President John Adams. His son, Henry Hitchcock, moved down into Alabama, was eminent as a lawyer, and died Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State.

The subject of this notice was born sixty-four years ago in Mobile, whence his family moved, when he was five years old, into Tennessee. After taking an academic course at New Haven, Connecticut, he settled in St. Louis and entered business. In 1860 he went to China, where he remained twelve years with the house of Olyphant & Co., making only two visits home. He married Miss Margaret D. Collier, of St. Louis. Mr. Hitchcock has travelled extensively in India, and has visited both St. Petersburg and Moscow. Since 1874 Mr. Hitchcock has been actively engaged in business in St. Louis as president of several large manufacturing and railway corporations, which positions he has resigned, on accepting the post of minister to St. Petersburg, at the personal request of President McKinley.

In view of Russia's appearance at Vladivostok, and her Manchurian railway extension, our trade relations with her are capable of indefinite development. Mr. Hitchcock's experience with large business concerns, and intimate acquaintance with the East—which we shall soon be speaking of as the West—should stand him in good stead in his new field of action.

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PROSPECTS.
There is ample evidence before the public of the wonderful wealth of Gold along the Yukon and Klondike basins. The company owns large numbers of gold placer and quartz claims, selected by its experts out of many hundreds during five years of patient prospecting. Claim No. 3 on Miller Creek, from which over $100,000 was taken last year, is now a part of the property of this company, and is in operation; Copper prospects are on the Tananah River and are very rich.
Very extensive and rich Coal beds near Cudahy, 1,000 acres in area, are to be opened at once. The contract has already been let for 20,000 tons of this coal at $4.00 per ton.

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Heavy immigration of mining labor into the Yukon Valley, which is now going on, is what is needed for the development of this mineral wealth. Work will begin next Spring on as many of the placers as possible. At all these points in the near vicinity of the claims, are stores and trading posts of the North American Transportation and Trading Company. Our officers and directors are also interested in the management of this company, insuring hearty co-operation.

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AMATEUR-SPORT

The all-round Individual Athletic Championship more nearly attained rightful recognition this year than since those days of about ten years ago when the meetings of Malcolm Ford and A. A. Jordan made the event one of the most important of the athletic year. After these two retired from competition, a mediocre lot came into the field, and for several years performances were rather ordinary and interest-lacking. In the last several years, but especially in the two immediately passed, have come a higher class of performances and a return of interest.

To win the all-round championship is the greatest of athletic achievements, beside which success in any single event is insignificant. It is commendable to do a record

AT THE LAST HURDLE IN THE 220 YARDS—KRAENZLEIN WINNING FROM BUCK, 25 SECONDS.

performance on the track or in the field, but to triumphantly sustain the test of two hours' work in ten events, and to make even a creditable showing, is infinitely more notable. To make a winning record is the highest athletic glory of the year.

The event was held this year as usual under the auspices of the New Jersey Athletic Club, July 5, and well managed, also as usual. But it should be given at least a month earlier, or postponed until the early autumn. The competition is hard enough, without adding insufferable climatic conditions.

Nine men entered for the championship, but one, E. B. Bloss, was struck on the leg by the handle of a hammer and incapacitated.

Ellery H. Clark, Boston Athletic Association, won the national championship as easily as he had previously in New England won there the sectional honor. He was, in fact, so distinctly superior to the others that his ultimate success was at no time doubtful. His total percentage was 6244½, which exceeds by 864½ points the record of Louis P. Sheldon, the all-round champion of last year. John Cosgrave, New Jersey A. C., who won second place this year with a percentage of 5687, was the champion in '95, and his '97 record bettered that of the '96 champion. Daniel Reuss, of the Knickerbocker A. C., who won fourth this year, made a record of 5360 points, which was but twenty points lower than that made by the '96 champion. Thus is the high quality of performances in the '97 meeting made apparent.

Charles S. Dole, Leland Stanford Jr. University, was third, with 5434½, and Ernest C. White, of the K.A.C., fifth, with 5157 points. The others, J. A. Mahoney, K.A.C., George C. Winship, N.Y.A.C., and George P. Smith, N.J.A.C., finished sixth, seventh, and eighth, with 4623, 3946, and 3600 points respectively. No one of them at any time was a factor in the winning of the competition.

The most interesting and in fact the only real competition was for second place, by Cosgrave, Dole, and Reuss. Had Dole done only fairly well in the weights, he would have beaten Cosgrave. But he was even below the very poor average which marked the weight performances of nearly all the entries. Clark's work was remarkably even, as his figures show, and the performances of the first three were all good, some of them notably so.

	100 yds.	16-lb. shot.	High jump.	880-yd. walk.	16-lb. ham'r.	Pole vault.	120-yd. hurdle.	56-lb. weight.	Broad jump.	1-mile run.	Total.
Clark	860	566	784	568	667½	568	760	400	756	315	6244½
Cosgrave	832	364	752	638	371	568	740	254	596	572	5687
Dole	790	252	624	586	193½	808	760	190	660	571	5434½
Reuss	769	254	688	671	298	760	690	160	565	505	5360

The performance of the winner in each event will show what a high-class competition this proved. It will be interesting also to those who remember the standards prescribed in the old days of the all-round—the days of Ford and Jordan—to compare these performances with those made at the last one in which Malcolm Ford competed, seven years ago. The entries in that competition were, besides Ford, A. A. Jordan, A. Schroeder, C. L. Livingston, and George R. Gray, all of the New York A. C.; Dr. J. K. Schell, Schuylkill N. A. C., Philadelphia; and M. O'Sullivan, Pastime A. C. The 100 yards was won by Ford in 10⅗ s.; 56-lb. weight by O'Sullivan, 25 ft. 10½ in. (Ford's best, 17 ft. 4 in.); running high jump by Ford, 5 ft. 6 in.; 440-yard run by Ford, 54⅕ s.; 16-lb. shot by Gray, 37 ft. 5 in. (Ford's best, 34 ft. 11½ in.); pole vault by Jordan, 10 ft. (Ford, 9 ft.); 120-yard hurdles by Jordan, 17 s. (Ford, close second); 16-lb. hammer by Schroeder, 100 ft. (Ford, fifth, 83 ft. 4 in.); broad jump by Ford, 21 ft. 9½ in.; mile run, Schroeder, 5 m. 21⅕ s. (Ford did not start).

Ford made 30½ points; Jordan, 26; Schroeder, 20; O'Sullivan, 13½. Livingston and Gray were disqualified for failing to reach the standard in three events.

Old-timers will remember that all-round as one of the most exciting on record, owing to the strenuous efforts of the New York A.C. to prevent Ford winning.

Event.	First.	Second.	Third.	Performance.
100-yard dash.	Bloss.	Clark.	Cosgrave.	10 2-5 sec.
16-lb. shot....	Clark.	White.	Cosgrave.	37 ft. 11 1-2 in.
High jump ...	Clark.	Bloss.	Cosgrave.	5 " 9 1-2 "
880-yard walk.	Reuss.	Cosgrave.	Mahoney.	4 m. 8 1-5 sec.
16-lb. hammer	Clark.	White.	Cosgrave.	117 ft. 4 1-2 in.
Pole vault	Dole.	Reuss.	Clark.	10 " 9 "
120-yard h'rdl.	Clark. / Dole.	Reuss.	Winship.	17 1-5 sec.
56-lb. weight .	Clark.	White.	Cosgrave.	23 " 4 in.
Broad jump ..	Clark.	Mahoney.	Dole.	21 "
One-mile run .	Cosgrave.	White.	Dole.	5 m. 42 sec.

Clark's performances not shown above were, in walk, seventh, 4 m. 28⅗ s.; pole vault, 9 ft. 6 in.; mile run, seventh, 6 m. 34⅗ s.

The New York Athletic Club, curiously enough, was not represented this year, nor was University of Pennsylvania, winner of the Inter-collegiate Championships, nor Yale, nor Princeton. Clark represented Harvard as well as the Boston A. A. The New Jersey and the Knickerbocker athletic clubs were the only others represented. These two clubs have established an excellent system of all-round competition for their respective members, and its beneficial results are becoming apparent.

Yale has recently inaugurated an annual all-round championship, won this year by J. H. Thompson, '97, with R. G. Clapp, '98, a close second, and her good example

CREGAN BEATING MANVEL IN THE HALF-MILE (1.58 3-5) IN THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

should be followed by all the other universities and clubs. With each holding a championship prior to that of the A. A. U., we should have an entry-list that would insure first-class performance, and raise this event to the point of highest interest, where it belongs.

The following list of all-round champions and their winning scores makes an interesting record:

		Score.
1884	W. R. Thompson, Montreal....	5304
1885	M. W. Ford, N.Y.A.C.	5045
1886	M. W. Ford, N.Y.A.C.	5899
1887	A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C.	5236
1888	M. W. Ford, S.I.A.C.	5161
1889	M. W. Ford, S.I.A.C.	5186
1890	A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C.	5358
1891	A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C.	6189
1892	M. O'Sullivan, X.A.C.	4464
*1893	E. W. Goff, N.J.A.C.	4860
1894	E. W. Goff, N.J.A.C.	5748
1895	John Cosgrave, Ridgefield A.C.	4406½
1896	Louis Sheldon, Yale and N.Y.A.C.	5380
1897	E. W. Clark, Harvard and B.A.A.	6244½

* This year marked the beginning of the present percentage system of scoring. Previous to that, counting was by points.

Charles B. Macdonald and Laurence Curtis, the special committee appointed by the United States Golf Association to revise and interpret the rules of the game, have finally made their report, and it has been formally accepted by the Executive Committee, and ordered to be promulgated as the law of the Association. The committee have taken the St. Andrews (Scotland) code, as revised in 1891, and without changing the wording of the rules, they have appended certain annotations, interpretations, and decisions, based upon general precedent and custom and upon the particular rulings of the U.S.G.A.

Out of the forty rules for match play, all but seven are made subject to these special interpretations. For the most part the rulings are simply in the line of closer definition, and in the particular statement of the penalties incurred.

"Colonel Bogey" is given an official status.

Rule 8, as annotated, provides for the special case of a tie for the sixteenth place in the medal round of the Amateur Championship meeting.

The interpretation of Rule 21 allows a ball *on the putting-green* to be lifted out of casual water without penalty, but nothing is said about casual water upon the fair green, except that it is not a hazard. In the preface to its report the committee advise that the clubs should make this contingency a subject for local ruling. It would have been quite within the committee's province to have decided that a ball may be lifted out of casual water wherever found, for the practice has certainly the authority of almost universal custom.

Rush. Wefers. Maybury.

WEFERS WINNING THE 100 YARDS IN 9 4-5.

Rule 23 provides that if a player's ball strike or be accidentally moved by an opponent or by an opponent's caddie or clubs, the opponent loses the hole. The committee add the following:

U. S. G. A. Ruling—Penalty incurred: in match play, loss of the hole; in medal play, no penalty.

If the player's ball strike the other competitor or his caddie or clubs, it is a "rub of the green," and the ball shall be played from where it lies....

There is an apparent contradiction in these two paragraphs, and the ruling is certainly open to the charge of ambiguity. The use of the word "competitor," however, shows that the second paragraph refers solely to medal play, where no penalty is incurred. The other player in a match by holes would be called an "opponent." The wording should be changed so as to leave no ground for a misunderstanding.

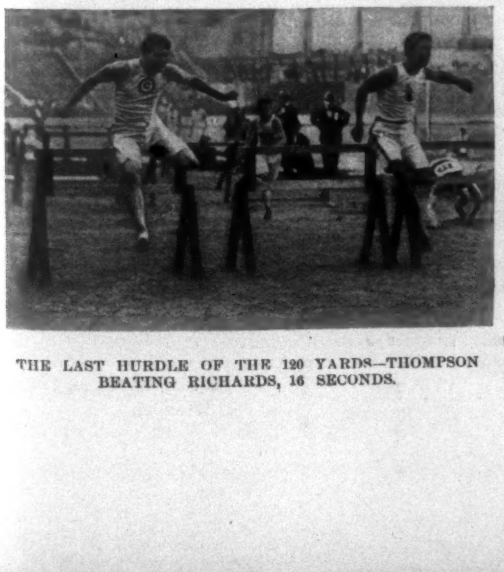
The note to Rule 25 distinctly provides for the case of a player whose ball moves while he is in the act of swinging down upon it. Whether he misses or hits it, he must count one stroke for the move and one for the play. This is the point brought up in a recent English tournament, where a player's ball began to roll just as he was in the act of striking. He was unable to check his club, and played the stroke while the ball was in motion. The English decision on the case was that he had played but one stroke, but it is evident that Messrs. Macdonald and Curtis are of a contrary opinion. Note that this decision does not apply to the case of a ball rolling off the tee while the player is in the act of addressing it.

Last year the Executive Committee changed Rule 29 so that in match play, as in medal play, a player might lift his ball out of any difficulty, tee, and lose two strokes. This ruling was directly opposed to the spirit of the match game by holes, and the committee have done wisely in restoring the original rule—that the ball must be played wherever it lies or the hole given up.

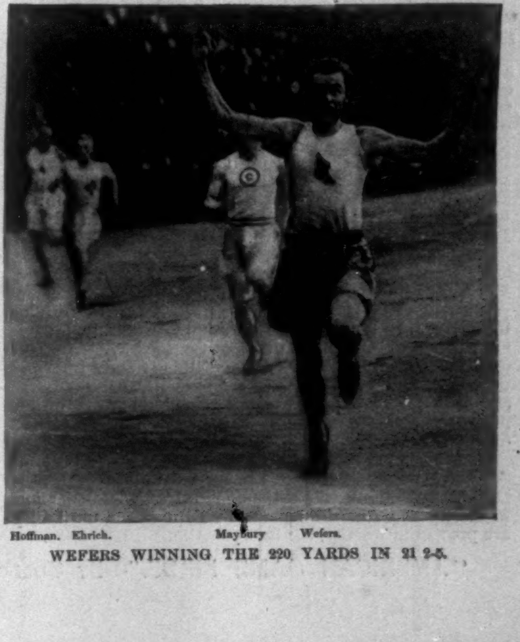
In match play, if the player's ball displaces the opponent's ball, the latter shall have the option of replacing his ball, and must exercise such option at once and before any further play. This annotation to Rule 36 unquestionably legalizes the "stymie by replacement"—a situation which has been made the subject of much discussion among our foreign brethren. The remaining rulings on match play, and the emendations attached to the special rules for medal play, do not call for particular mention. They are judiciously framed, clearly stated, and of real value in elucidating the vital principles of the St. Andrews code.

In the preface the committee suggest that the clubs themselves may properly legislate concerning certain minor points—such as outsiders looking for lost balls, and the keeping of scores in medal competitions.

Now for the one particular interpretation that has stirred up the golfing world and given rise to no end of newspaper correspondence and discussion. I refer, of course, to the annotation of Rule 14, which permits the



THE LAST HURDLE OF THE 120 YARDS—THOMPSON BEATING RICHARDS, 16 SECONDS.



Hoffman. Ehrich. Maybury Wefers.

WEFERS WINNING THE 220 YARDS IN 21 2-5.

soling of the club when the ball lies on turf *in a hazard*, and to the definition attached to Rule 15, which declares that long grass on the fair green is not a hazard. In the first place there can be no doubt as to the exact meaning of the committee's ruling. Under no circumstances can *turf* be held to be a hazard, and it makes no difference whether the grass be long or short. It is a simple question of turf or not turf, and persons of ordinary intelligence can be trusted to distinguish between true sod and the sporadic presence (in bunker or what not) of half a dozen straggling blades of grass. Moreover, it is made perfectly clear that the definition "fair green" applies to every part of the course that is not a hazard or a putting-green. Now it is quite usual upon our American courses to leave the grass uncut at a reasonable distance on either side of the centre line of play, for the punishment of pulled and sliced balls, and in many cases this line has been marked by hazard stakes. There can be no escape from the committee's ruling. These hazard stakes must be removed, for long grass is declared to be not a hazard, and a ball must either be on the course, in a hazard, or out of bounds, and consequently unplayable.

As to the exclusion of grass *per se* from the list of recognized hazards, the committee rest primarily upon the fact that grass is not specifically enumerated under the St. Andrews code (see Rule 15), and secondly, upon the general trend of foreign precedent. For example, rushes are included in the St. Andrews list, while they are declared to be not a hazard by the local rules of the Aberdeen and Prestwick links. There are very few rushes at St. Andrews, but, judging from the local rules, they exist in profusion at Aberdeen and Prestwick. The principle seems to be that such general features of any particular course may properly be excluded from the list of local hazards.

Since long grass is a prevailing characteristic of our American courses, it may properly be accepted as an integral part of the fair green, and consequently not subject to specific penalty. It may be noted, in support of this view, that the grass is often left unmown for some thirty yards or so in front of a teeing-ground, and in the direct line of play. The practice is in evidence on the Shinnecock course, and the object is unquestionably the punishment of a topped drive. But should the ball come to rest in this same long grass, there has never been any question of the player's right to sole his club preparatory to getting it out. The committee have simply extended this principle to a similar condition on the right or left of the line of play, and they seem to be justified in their position.

It seems to be purely a matter of legislation, and the important thing is to have a law upon the subject that cannot be made subject to misinterpretation. As a matter of general fact, a ball in long grass is penalized quite sufficiently for all practical purposes, and the green committees are unquestionably entitled to reduce their lines of play to the limits of a rifle-gallery should they find that the average scores returned are too low for the golfing reputation of their courses. In other words, while long grass has its use as a punishment, it cannot be construed as synonymous with the crime itself.

Accepting the decision that long grass is not a hazard, it follows logically that the club may be soled whenever and wherever the ball is found resting upon it. The typical case is that of the wagon road that encloses and is bordered by turf. A road is certainly a hazard; but what are its limits—the wheel tracks? Are we to consider that everything between them is hazard, and everything outside of them is non-hazard? Or shall we say that this is turf (*i. e.*, not a hazard), and this is not turf (*i. e.*, a hazard)? Either view of the case may work an apparent injustice in actual play. One ball may be buried in a rut, and another six inches forward or back may be nicely teed upon the turf. The inequality is the result of pure chance; but, after all, the situation does not differ materially from the ordinary "luck of the lie" in playing through the green. The right to sole the club appears to be a moot point (*vide* Lockyer and Ruthford's *Rules of Golf*, and Willie Park's annotations upon the St. Andrews code), and the common usage also varies. The consensus of expert opinion is in favor of the American committee's position (although old Tom Morris may insist upon going on record as a dissenter), and it is no small advantage to have some definite utterance upon the subject.

On the other hand, it is evident that there would be much less chance of misunderstanding if the limits of a hazard were alone to be considered, without any reference to the character of the ground enclosed by them. There could then be no dispute over such a delicate question as the imperceptible shading off of turf into sand or bare ground.

Messrs. Macdonald and Curtis seriously considered the advisability of going a step further and ruling that the club might be grounded anywhere except on sand or loose earth. But in this, it seems to me, they would have been quite wrong. It is true that the soling of the club upon the hard surface of a sidewalk or pigeon-trap could not improve the lie of the ball, but it would be of material assistance to a correct aim. The club is grounded behind the ball as a measure of distance and as a guide to the eye, and this advantage is properly forfeited when the ball has been played into a hazard.

Taking one consideration with another, Messrs. Macdonald and Curtis have had a difficult task to accomplish. The very simplicity of the theory of golf only adds to the difficulties encountered in its practice, and while we are entitled to insist upon the preservation of fundamental principles, we must allow some latitude in their interpretation. The old St. Andrews code is confessedly obscure, cumbrous, and non-comprehensive, and the work of the American committee is an important step in the direction of ultimate simplicity and unification.

Considering that this code has been made especially for American golfers, with direct reference to their needs, the least they can do is to aid the committee in its endeavors to clarify the American game by supporting, until they are proved unworthy, the interpretations it has made.

It would be well if the Association appointed another committee with an especial mission to clear the amateur definition of its present inconsistencies.

More interesting golf has not been seen this summer than the recent Shinnecock tournament disclosed. The entry-list was long, and the course, which has been lengthened and improved since last year, in perfect condition. The first day's play left among the twenty honor men Bowers and Tyng, 190; Foxhall Keene and Stewart, 191; Emmett and Terry, 194; Rogers and Dixon, 195; Reid, Jr., and Chauncey, 196; Robertson, 199; Nicoll, Park, and Clark, 200; and Kerr, Cheney, C. D. Barnes, Jr., Betts, Gray, and Travis, 201. Larocque, somewhat surprisingly, was well down on the list of Consolation Cup eligibles.

Keene's record on the first day may have surprised those who did not know he has been playing a strong game for a couple of years; but his form on the next day was a revelation to even those familiar with his work. He handily beat young Reid (who had, a few days before, put the St. Andrews record at 75), doing 37, or four better than bogey on the first nine holes, approaching and putting in rare style. Subsequently he won an exciting match from Terry, 1 up in 19 holes, and followed it up by beating Bowers, maintaining his form, which was especially good on approach shots.

Tyng having meantime beaten Stewart and Rogers, he and Keene were brought together in the final for the President's Cup, and though the match was exciting and played by both men with consummate nerve, yet the golf was not so good as each had revealed in other matches. Tyng finally won by 3 up and 2 to play. Keene's strength lay in his iron shots; his driving and brassey-work not being so good. Tyng's strength is in long, accurate drives and unerring putting.

Bowers had the satisfaction of beating Tyng by 4 strokes in the play-off of the first day's gross-score tie, though Tyng's work was very slovenly. The best golf of the final day was seen in the match between Travis and Larocque for the Consolation Cup. Neither had been in form on the first day; but they redeemed themselves on this occasion, both driving brilliantly and playing through the green in workmanlike fashion. Travis finally won by 6 up and 5 to play.

In the handicap that followed, Stewart made the fine gross score of 178.

Yet another interesting match was that over the Westchester Country Club course for 36 holes between W. H. Sands and W. G. Stewart, the Englishman, which the latter won by 167 to 169, Sands scarcely doing himself credit and driving very poorly.

The Norwood Club Tournament added further laurels to the cargo which the present season appears to have delivered to the order of Mr. Travis. This time, in a close and exciting match, he defeated by two up a no less formidable opponent than W. G. Stewart. It is only fair to Mr. Stewart to add that but for very hard luck in his play for the eighteenth hole he would probably have tied if not won the match. He made a fine drive from the tee, but the ball dropping near a clump of trees he was severely and unfairly penalized, taking eight to hole out, whereas he had stood a good chance of making it in five.

The gross score prize, offered in the handicap tournament on the last day, gave these two another opportunity for playing over the same course, and each handed in a card of 93. Last week, Wednesday, they played again over the Norwood course to settle the tie, and Stewart won somewhat easily at 92, Travis being decidedly off his game, and requiring 98.

The formal opening of the enlarged Oakland Club links, now 2950 yards for its playing distance, provided a match between Reid and Travis, which the latter won by three up, his best work showing in approach shots. It was fairly good golf, though both men had done better several times.

Perhaps the most exciting match of the year was that last week at Newport, between Harriman and Keene, which the former won by one up in twenty-one holes. At the tenth hole they were even, with most of the holes having been halved. Keene took the eleventh and fifteenth; the twelfth and fourteenth were halved, and the thirteenth won by Harriman. The sixteenth was halved, and Keene lost the seventeenth, and the score was even. The eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth were halved, and Harriman, by a clever putt, won the twenty-first and the match. Their driving was about equal, Keene excelling on the approach and Harriman in putting.

The National Golf Championships, which this year, September 14–18, will be held on the links of the Chicago Golf Club, will probably not have so large an entry-list as last year, but the quality of play is certain to average higher. The reduced entry-list is a blessing; last year the host of mediocre players who appeared at Shinnecock not only delayed the tournament but gave most uninteresting performances. It is not likely many of this class will go to the expense of a trip to Chicago next week. But next year, when the annual tournament comes East again, mediocrity will once more stalk the course, unless, meantime, the United States Association provides a standard score, which every aspirant for championship honors must equal before his entry is accepted.

Those of a speculative turn of mind will find ample opportunity for its indulgence in picking likely winners from the '97 candidates for national honors. The entries are still open as we go to press, and it is not therefore definitely known who will appear at Chicago, but it is safe to say a large percentage of our rather limited first class will drive off next Tuesday.

Of the championship candidates the most prominent are H. J. Whigham, the present holder; C. B. Macdonald, Findlay Douglas, W. G. Stewart, W. J. Travis, J. A. Tyng, H. P. Toler, H. M. Harriman, Foxhall Keene, L. P. Bayard, Jr., J. G. Thorp, S. D. Bowers, and John Reid, Jr. A supplementary list would include Walter Smith, a Chicago college boy, considered out West to be about as good as Tyng; D. R. Forgan, and the Tweedies, H. J. and L. P., J. H. Congdon, W. H. Sands, E. C. Rushmore, A. M. Coats, L. E. Larocque, T. H. Powers-Farr, Q. A. Shaw, W. B. Cutting, Jr., Roderick Terry, Jr., H. R. Sweny, F. W. Menzies, and A. H. Fenn. There are others, of course; some of them no doubt will develop surprisingly good form, but this list seems to include all whose '97 work entitles them to consideration. The first list contains the names of the men that seem most likely to last longest in the tournament.

The chances of our having a native-born champion this year seem few. Whigham appears to have held his supremacy at Chicago, and unless he has fallen away from his '96 form is not likely to be beaten by Tyng, Thorp, Travis, Toler, Keene, Harriman, or Bowers, who of the Americans seem most likely to be found in the final rounds. Any one of these men stands a good fighting chance of beating C. B. Macdonald or W. G. Stewart; but Findlay Douglas, although but little of his play has been seen, rather impresses me as being a more formidable opponent. Reid has made some excellent records, and Bayard gave great promise early in the season. So did Terry, but his recent work has not been notable.

Coats figured prominently last year, as did Sands also; but neither has given evidence this season of form that will carry him through several of the younger players. Farr, of Essex County, New Jersey; Shaw, of Essex County, Massachusetts; and Congdon, of Watch Hill, have played sufficiently well to stand out among their home-club players and attract some little attention elsewhere; but they have not been put to the test, and cannot therefore be placed. Thorp is listed entirely on the strength of his last year's performance, which included defeating Macdonald. He has not played in any of the important tournaments this year, and his present form is unknown. Sweny has not been so prominent a figure in tournaments this season as last, and can hardly be classed as formidable. Cutting has played so little as to make his present position one to be determined only by play.

Whatever the outcome, the men will have a course to play over which to-day furnishes the best golfing ground in America.

"SUMMER-NINE" BLACK LIST.

A "summer nine," so called, is a baseball team maintained by an individual, or group of individuals, or hotel, or club; wholly or partly dependent for its players upon summer residents, and at the games of which gate-money is accepted and used for other than charitable purposes. An undergraduate who joins such an aggregation is considered to have forfeited his right to thereafter represent a university in any department of amateur athletics.

Phillips,* Miner, Lauder, and Sedgwick (Brown); Bradley,* Altman,* Smith,* Jayne,* and Wilson* (Princeton); Barclay (Lafayette); Davis* (Wesleyan); Wadsworth, McDonald, and Clarkson (Yale); Scannell (Harvard); Blakeley* and Dickson (Pennsylvania); Foster and Boyden (Amherst); Erikson (Allen School, Newton); Parks, Bean, and Hildreth (Tufts); Hafford (Somerville High); Wood (Arlington High); N. Gibbons (Exeter); Folsom, Taber, Crolius, and Drew (Dartmouth); Gibbons (Bowdoin); French (Andover); and Fishel.

* Graduated in '97.

Names will be added to this list as they are learned. In the discovery of offenders against the ethics of healthful college sport, we invoke the aid of all sportsmen.

We are glad to state that at least two of those reported as "signed" by a White Mountain hotel, Crowley of Cambridge High-School, and Lynch of Harvard, will not join the colony of summer-nine players. Crowley decided not to spoil his amateur baseball career, and Lynch writes that his name was used without his authority, and that he never had an intention of joining a hotel nine, or any other not strictly amateur.

Enterprising though unprincipled hotel-keepers who so use the names of school and college boys without permission should be dealt with summarily.

If we discover more offenders we shall start a black list for summer-resort baseball managers.

The Warren playing on the Newton Athletic Association team is not the Brown man.

Considering the efforts making for wholesome athletics at institutions of every class, it is somewhat remarkable that the faculties of Manhattan and Fordham colleges should continue to tolerate the semi-professionalism which everywhere else is being stamped out. There is a movement at each of these colleges to promulgate a four-year eligibility rule, but a rule more urgently needed is one that will protect their teams from men who during vacation seriously offend the ethics of amateur sport.

There is genuine thanksgiving among Harvard *alumni* and collegiate sportsmen generally over the announcement that Harvard has abandoned the so-called "summer practice" of her football candidates, and will not begin work before her men return for the regular opening of the autumn term, September 20.

Three years ago preliminary football training was found to exert a demoralizing influence on teams, and forthwith abandoned by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Pennsylvania was the only university of the first class (in football) which persisted in the practice, and men competent to judge declare it has done her teams more harm than good. Apart entirely from the ethics of the question, preliminary practice is voted by experts to be valueless. Ethically, the friends of wholesome sport have opposed it on the ground that to board and lodge men under such conditions is to introduce into college sport an element of professionalism.

This year there were renewed demands from some irresponsible Harvard quarters for "summer practice"; but wiser counsel has predominated, and Harvard will develop her team without such extraneous and professionalizing aids.

Neither Yale nor Princeton will give their teams a preliminary training season. Of Pennsylvania's intentions for '97 we have not been advised. If we ventured an opinion, however, it would be that Pennsylvania had probably finally learned the lesson taught by the '95 "summer practice," and repeated in '96, and will also abandon the practice, which from every view point is unprofitable.

Lafayette continues to be an offender in this direction.

Publication of the tabulated National Lawn-tennis summary is again postponed a week.

Caspar Whitney.

"AMERICAN GAME BIRDS."—By Gurdon Trumbull.—90 Illustrations.—8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Top, $2 50.—Harper & Brothers.

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In Albuminuria, Uraemic Poisoning, and Nausea of Pregnancy. A Veritable Antidote to Albuminuria of Bright's Disease.

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Surgeon-General (retired) U. S. Army, formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., Hammond's Sanitarium, Washington, D. C.:

"I have used

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in the ALBUMINURIA of PREGNANCY WITH REMARKABLE EFFECT. When taken in large quantities its influence in such cases is unmistakably beneficial. In one case of PUERPERAL MANIA it was a powerful adjunct to the other means used to effect a cure."

Dr. W. H. Doughty,

Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Medical College of Georgia:

"OVER THE NAUSEA and VOMITING OF PREGNANCY, particularly in the latter months, where URAEMIC conditions are possibly established, and IN PUERPERAL CONVULSIONS, URAEMIA co-existing,

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

OFTEN EXERTS MARKED CONTROL."

Dr. Caleb Winslow,

Baltimore, Member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland:

"I have found the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

of marked service in RELIEVING THE NAUSEA of PREGNANT WOMEN. I FREQUENTLY RESORT TO IT AT INTERVALS DURING THE WHOLE COURSE of PREGNANCY. Being antiacid, diuretic, and tonic, it seems WELL ADAPTED TO RELIEVE the DISTURBANCE usually ATTENDANT UPON GESTATION, and I have no doubt its free use MIGHT REMOVE URAEMIC POISON, and PREVENT CONVULSIONS produced thereby."

Dr. M. L. James,

Richmond, Virginia, Emeritus Professor of Practice of Medicine, Medical College of Virginia,

reported to the Richmond Academy of Medicine "a case of CONGESTION OF THE KIDNEYS in a lady eight months advanced in PREGNANCY, attended by marked OEDEMA, and by URAEMIC POISONING to such an extent as VERY SERIOUSLY IMPAIRED her VISION, RELIEVED by the FREE USE of this WATER for THREE WEEKS. Other remedies were used in these cases, but the FAVORABLE RESULTS SEEMED CLEARLY ATTRIBUTABLE to the ACTION OF THE WATER."

Dr. Wm. H. Drummond,

Professor of Medical Jurisprudence Bishop's University, Montreal, Canada:

"In the Acute and Chronic Nephritis of Gouty and Rheumatic Origin, as well as in the graver ALBUMINURIA of PREGNANCY, I have found

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

to act as a VERITABLE ANTIDOTE, AND I KNOW OF NO OTHER NATURAL AGENT POSSESSING THIS IMPORTANT QUALITY."

Dr. Preston Roane,

of Winston, N. C.:

"In a case of almost total Suppression of Urine, in a woman in the LATTER STAGES OF GESTATION, WITH strong THREATENINGS OF CONVULSIONS, after exhausting, without effect, the most potent diuretics of the *materia medica*, I put her upon the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

half a gallon a day, which produced a copious action of the kidneys, followed by relief of the alarming symptoms. I ATTRIBUTE THE SAFE TERMINATION ENTIRELY TO THE USE OF THIS WATER."

Dr. James B. McCaw,

of Richmond, Va., Emeritus Professor Medical College of Virginia, etc.,

before the Richmond, Va., Academy of Medicine, spoke of the "GREAT VALUE of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in ALBUMINURIA of Pregnancy."

Dr. Harvey L. Byrd,

of Baltimore, Md., President and Professor of Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children, in the Baltimore Medical College:

"I have prescribed

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with the most satisfactory results, both as a remedy and prophylactic in the PARTURIENT or PREGNANT condition, for the relief of troublesome vomiting and the PREVENTION OF PUERPERAL ECLAMPSIA or CONVULSIONS."

Dr. Henry Carpenter,

of Lancaster, Pa.: "I have found

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

HIGHLY EFFICACIOUS IN URAEMIC POISONING supervening confinement."

Dr. Geo. M. Miltenberger,

Professor of Obstetrics, University of Maryland:

before the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, 1886, recommended

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

as a diuretic in ALBUMINURIA OF PREGNANCY."

Dr. R. R. Ball,

Captain and Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army, Fort Townsend, Washington,

reports a case of Puerperal Eclampsia, in the "New York Medical Journal" of Nov. 18, 1893: * * * "The URAEMIC SYMPTOMS continuing, the patient was put upon

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

ad libitum; no other water allowed. About three quarts were drunk daily at first. The urine increased in quantity by next day, color improved, quantity of urea increased to three hundred grains. Head symptoms improved. No medicine was given except to keep the bowels open. This Water was depended upon wholly in increasing quantities. At the end of six weeks the patient was in good condition, and her urinary functions were almost normal. She then decided to go off for a visit to a neighboring public resort, in order to try the effect of a chalybeate water, said to have proved excellent in kidney troubles. One week's sojourn there produced such discomfort, constant headache, puffing around the ankles, and general malaise that she returned. Examination showed that the urine was only THIRTY-TWO OUNCES in TWENTY-FOUR HOURS; ALBUMIN ONE-QUARTER PER CENT.; SOME CASTS; UREA, TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY GRAINS. The patient was placed upon the former treatment, with IMMEDIATE IMPROVEMENT in EVERY WAY. The water was gradually increased until urea showed five hundred grains in twenty-four hours, and seventy-five to eighty ounces of water passed daily. The patient then rapidly convalesced and MADE A COMPLETE RECOVERY."

Geo. Halsted Boyland, M.A., M.D.,

of Paris, Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris, in the "New York Medical Journal," Aug. 22, 1896, says:

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

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Resident Physician, Buffalo Lithia Springs:

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

So uniformly gratifying has been my experience with this agent that it has long been my habit to prescribe it as a PROPHYLACTIC, as well as a most potent remedy THROUGH ALL THE STAGES OF GESTATION, and to this I attribute the fact that in a practice of well-nigh twenty years I have had but one death from PUERPERAL ECLAMPSIA. The women of the adjacent country who make use of the waters are notably free from the disturbances and dangers incident to this period."

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in gynaecological practice in women suffering from ACUTE URAEMIC CONDITIONS, with results, to say the least, very favorable."

Dr. William B. Towles,

Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia:

"The effects of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

ARE MARKED IN CAUSING A DISAPPEARANCE OF ALBUMEN from the URINE."

Dr. James Shelton,

formerly, for more than forty years, Resident Physician at the Buffalo Lithia Springs:

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